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Contents

The Week 27

Editorials

The Ominous Execution 30
Shall We Have Factory Farms? 31
Where Journalism Is Going 33

General Articles

Can Income Taxes Be Shifted? ..... "Political Economist" 35
Negro Artists and the Negro ..... Wallace Thurman 37
Job Seeker (verse) ..... Devere Allen 39
The Doll's House ..... James Cogswell 40
Dude Ranch ..... Stark Young 43
Credulity ..... Robert Littell 45

Correspondence 46

Reviews of Books

The Light Touch on Politics ..... Robert Morss Lovett 48
Fantasia in Mixed Times ..... H. M. Kallen 49
An English Brass Hat on the Aeroplane ..... Iskander Hourwich 50
A Woman of the Great Age ..... Rose Lee 50
"The Lands of the Sun" ..... Edith H. Walton 51
More Nightingales ..... Hazelton Spencer 52
A Golden Scrap-Book ..... Hudson Strode 52
The House of Lost Identity ..... D. B. W. 53

The Week

SACCO and Vanzetti are dead. Their seven years' suffering has at last come to an end in an execution which can only be described as judicial murder. The story of their treatment continued brutal and sordid to the very end. They were killed in the middle of the night in the presence only of a little group of strangers, the official witnesses, and protesting their innocence with their last breath. The comfortable gentlemen, Thayer, Fuller, Lowell and the rest, who from their seats on high had elected to end the lives of these two poor victims, did not attend the ceremony. That task was delegated to paid employees. The words of the two victims in the final moments of their lives will not soon be forgotten. Sacco died first. As he waited for the electric current to be turned on, he said: "Long live anarchy! . . . Farewell, my wife and child, and all my friends. . . . [To the witnesses] Good evening, gentlemen. . . . Farewell, mother." Vanzetti, who followed him, first thanked the Warden for all he had done, and then said: "I wish to tell you that I am innocent, and that I never committed any crime but sometimes some sin. . . . I am innocent of all crime, not only of this, but all. I am an innocent man. . . . I wish to forgive some people for what they are now doing to me."

THE last day was marked by the most extraordinary efforts to persuade Governor Fuller to act. Delegation after delegation visited him. Thousands of telegrams and cablegrams from all parts of the world urged him not to permit the tragedy to take place. His answer, when he answered at all, was invariably the same: "I am sorry. My duties are outlined by the law." Judge Thayer used a similar phrase when, after gleefully promising outside the courtroom what he would do to the "anarchistic bastards," he assumed the judicial robes and told them that their death was not his act but "the sentence of the law." The Massachusetts Supreme Court last week spoke in the same tones. The question of Judge Thayer's prejudice, it said, was of no importance, because "the law" says an appeal for a new trial must be filed before sentence is passed and not afterward. There are those, no doubt, to whom these legal phrases, this solemn invoking of judicial machinery by men who profess to be powerless in its grip, will be impressive. But there are others who see the matter in a different light. They see a group of men, their hearts filled with bitter black rage against something, identifying that something with the persons of the obscure fish peddler and factory hand. They see these men filled with an almost sadistic satisfaction, venting their deep-seated grudge by fulfilling the forms of legal procedure against the individuals who have become, to them, the symbols of a struggle between classes, between social ideals, between philosophic systems. The great task which confronts all good Americans today is to understand that struggle, to try to bring it out into the light, and to set in motion all possible forces for its resolution.

THE most sinister aspect of the case, and that carrying most menace for the future, is the exultation of the class which condemned them. From the beginning the cry of "they ought to hang them, any-

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way," given by the foreman of the jury, became a slogan of respectable people in the community and throughout the country, seeing in Sacco and Vanzetti ideals and a way of life alien to their own. This is what makes the charge of prejudice on the part of the jury so fatally plausible. This is what makes the people of the United States partakers in the crime of Massachusetts, and justifies the horrified censure of the world. It is only necessary to read the messages of congratulation received by Governor Fuller on his decision to kill. One would have supposed that such a decision, believed to be the result of conscientious consideration, would be received with the decency of silence. On the contrary, the social group to which Governor Fuller has risen exploded in triumph. It applauded his courage. Hear courtly Bishop William Lawrence of Massachusetts. "You will, I am sure, allow me to express to you my admiration of the way in which you have done your duty in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. You have been wise, patient, dignified and courageous, worthy of the best traditions of the Commonwealth." If anything is necessary to convince any impartial observer of the fact that the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti is regarded as a victory in a class war it is the declaration of Ferre C. Watkins, the valiant head of the American Legion in Illinois, that, "Rather than have the courts fit the procedure so as to least offend radicals [who in this case merely asked a new trial] it were better if need be for the manhood of America, embattled and fearless, to stand in defense of American institutions with the unsheathed bayonet and machine gun to protect them."

THE only relief in this scene of obscene jubilation is the behavior of the two victims, Sacco and Vanzetti. Their ideas were not those of the upper class. They sought to build a better world not by war but by brotherhood. They loved their fellows. In a letter of Sacco to his little daughter, Inez, there stands the sentence, haunting in its sorrowful rhythm: "The nightmare of the working classes has saddened very badly your father's soul." In a letter to his son, Dante, a few hours before his death, he wrote:

> But remember always, Dante, in the play of happiness, don't use all for yourself only, but down yourself just one step at your side and help the weak ones that cry for help; help the prosecuted and the victim, because they are your better friends; they are the comrades that fight and fall as your father and Bartolo fought and fell yesterday for the conquest of the joy of freedom for all the poor workers. In this struggle of life you will find more love and you will be loved.

Never has the power of ideas to ennoble humanity been more splendidly illustrated. Read Vanzetti's words to Judge Thayer:

> If it had not been for these things, I might have live out my life, talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man, as now we do by an accident. Our words —our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment belong to us—that agony is our triumph!

Does Massachusetts believe these utterances are a mask, cleverly assumed by bandits to conceal their true character? The whole world knows better. The world is judging today between Sacco and Vanzetti, the shoemaker and the fish peddler, and Lowell, Fuller and Thayer, and its verdict is the cry of another and nobler Lowell:

> Truth forever on the scaffold—
> Wrong upon the throne.

THE New Republic is glad to find itself for once in a position it has not often been able to assume of late, and to give its whole-hearted endorsement to a recent policy of the State Department. Some Americans in China have been planning to return to the interior, from the seaport towns where for some months they have been concentrated; and the State Department has set its face strongly against any such procedure. It points out that conditions are still disturbed, particularly in central China; that there is grave danger of incidents in which Americans might be injured or killed; and that for the present they should stay where they are. This is a common-sense view of the situation which we rejoice to see; we commend it to those who have been insisting that an American has a right to go anywhere in the world and do business, and that the government should send the whole Army, Navy and Marine Corps to protect him, if necessary. Also, if it is a good policy for China, why wouldn't it be equally good for Nicaragua?

A HUNDRED thousand people along the lower Mississippi are still in serious peril. The breaks in the levees, left by the recent disastrous floods, have not been closed; and any rise in the river, even of a few inches, would mean that many lowland towns would again be put under water. It had been planned to use to rebuild the levees $2,000,000 which is lying in the federal treasury as an unexpended balance of the Rivers and Harbors appropriation. This sum would have been transferred to the account of the War Department's engineering corps, and to this the Chief of Engineers, the Secretary of War and the President had all consented. But Controller-General McCarl says he can find no legal authority for this, and the money will not be used. Much of the work on the Mississippi will be done, from other funds available; but much will also go undone, and about all that the unfortunate residents of the flood-

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ed areas can do is to pray that the river shall not rise again. Meanwhile, the Red Cross fund for relief is rapidly dwindling, and will be entirely exhausted by November 1; many thousands of families are still destitute; and the credit machinery set up by the government is hardly functioning at all. President Coolidge may yet have reason to regret his refusal to call a special session of Congress to vote an appropriation for immediate and ample relief.

THREE persons were killed in the course of preparations for the recent civilian flight to the Hawaiian Islands for a $35,000 prize; and seven others are missing, with the chances overwhelmingly against their being found alive—five in two planes which were entered in the race, two in a plane which flew to hunt for them. It is now learned that the government strongly protested against the risks which were run. It sought to have the race postponed two weeks longer in order to prepare the planes; it urged that the course be altered so as to conduct the race overland, perhaps between the Pacific and Atlantic seaboards, or, if this suggestion were unacceptable, that the planes be taken to Hawaii by ship, and the flight end in California. These proposals were all rejected; and the government lacked the authority to enforce its wishes. Two conclusions are forced upon us by the incident. Long-distance flights over the ocean are still hazardous in the extreme; and there is need of a federal law giving the government power to see to it that fliers do not risk almost certain death.

WITH the death of Mrs. Gordon Norrie, on August 15, a gallant soldier has been lost from the army of those who seek to make life better worth living for everyone. The military figure is perhaps inappropriate in view of her lifelong devotion to the cause of international peace; but it fits her unflagging courage and her loyalty to the causes for which she fought. Their number and range is an indication of the catholicity of her interests: woman suffrage, industrial democracy, international peace, justice for the unwilling wards of the United States in the Caribbean and the Philippines, numerous measures in the field of domestic social legislation. She was a believer in the usefulness of political action to forward the progressive cause, served as chairman of the New York Women's Committee for Progressive Political Action, and in the La Follette campaign of 1924 was chairman of the Women's Division of the New York State Campaign Committee. Her friend, Mrs. Mary K. Simkhovitch, in a recent letter to the New York Times, described her character in words with which all who knew her will agree: "A wide reader and in touch with leaders of thought, she placed greatest reliance on the aspirations and activities of those engaged in the ordinary work of the world. She deeply enjoyed all those contacts which brought her face to face with the daily problems of the mass of mankind. She was sympathetic without being personal. Always in her relationships with people of every kind she appealed to intelligence rather than emotion. . . . She took it for granted that the value of money and position is the opportunity for freedom of thought and action they bestow. That these opportunities are often used for personal ambition or indulgence was as abhorrent to her taste as to her sense of honor."

THE President of the merchant fleet of the United States Shipping Board is writing form letters about the country in the attempt to arouse public favor for that enterprise. One of these letters argues for use of the American Merchant Marine in these terms: "If we purchase a commodity abroad, we have the commodity and the foreigners have the money. But if we buy a commodity at home, then we have both the commodity and the money." Let us take this for gospel, and apply it logically. Why purchase anything abroad, except what it is impossible for us to produce or find a substitute for? Foreigners can, indeed, make some things cheaper. But we can keep the money at home if we will pay more. Let us sell abroad all we can, and buy little or nothing. Soon we shall have all the foreigners' spare money, besides all our own. Then they cannot buy anything from us—but we shall have the money. We shall not use it to buy anything from them—because we want to keep it. In that case, there will be no foreign trade, and no use for a merchant marine. But, no—we had for the moment forgotten the purpose of a merchant marine. It is not to carry goods as economically as possible, but to furnish employment at home for American money. We shall maintain a superb fleet of vessels, steaming empty about the world. Instead of costing the taxpayer, as the letter informs us, 2.2 cents for every dollar's worth of goods carried, it will cost a dollar for each dollar's worth of empty cargo space. That will use up all our extra money, which we scorn to spend for foreign goods and services. We shall not have the goods—but we shall have the ships and the money!

THE Federal Reserve Bulletin announces that, during the first half of 1927, security issues in the United States came to the tremendous total of $5,300,000,000, which is $1,350,000,000 more than during the first half of 1926, or, if refunding issues be excluded, about $150,000,000 more. During the last four fiscal years, $20,000,000,000 of new domestic securities and $4,000,000,000 of foreign securities have been sold in this country. What has been done with the immense domestic capital investment? Nearly half of it has gone into public utilities and railroads. The next largest amount has probably been used for non-corporate purposes, reflecting the construction of public roads and public buildings.

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The building boom and real-estate promotion have accounted for over 10 percent, while industrial and manufacturing enterprises have used something less than 10 percent. Nobody can doubt that these capital expenditures have contributed much to recent prosperity. Will they keep up at the same scale? That depends on two interrelated questions —whether they can be sold, and whether demand for the money continues. In relation to the first, it must be remembered that loans and investments by the banks, due to easy credit conditions, have carried a substantial portion of the new issues. We must, therefore, watch bank policy. And in relation to the second, we must see whether utilities and railroads are being called upon to expand their properties as rapidly as in the recent past, whether the building boom continues, and whether expenditure for roads and public buildings is reduced.

The Ominous Execution

AT the news of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, the sensitive and alert part of American public opinion palpably shuddered. It was a shudder of chagrin, of dismay, of horror, of foreboding, almost of despair. To thousands of Americans who love their country for the ideals which it has cherished, the state of Massachusetts, itself the cradle of some of the best of those ideals, has committed by virtue of that execution a grave crime. It abused the most essential and the most responsible of all the prerogatives of government. It has killed people by due process of law without permitting them the benefit, according to its own historic standards, of a fair trial. It has committed this crime deliberately, after years of discussion and the completest possible publicity. It has done so with the approval and even the enthusiastic support of the best educated and most reputable part of the community. For this reason it may well be considered one of the most sinister events which has as yet taken place in the life of the American nation.

These are hard words, but they do not exceed the license of the occasion. An ordinary miscarriage of justice would not, of course, justify them. Injustice of all kinds is inseparable from the processes of government, and the utmost that the legislators, executives and courts can do to prevent it is to safeguard themselves against its commission and, so far as possible, to repair its consequences. In the case of punishment for alleged crime, the whole procedure assumes the insistent danger of error even on the part of unprejudiced people and the actual probability of error on the part of people who are prejudiced. A trial judge occupies a large part of his charge to the jury with a warning to give the accused the benefit of every reasonable doubt; and, of course, this warning is particularly necessary when the accused is being tried for a crime the legal punishment for which is death. For in the event of a mistake in convicting an alleged murderer, the injustice cannot be repaired. Now the point is that, in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, they did not, in the opinion of thousands of intelligent Americans, receive the benefit of a reasonable doubt. The case against them was never as complete as it should have been to justify conviction, and the report of Governor Fuller's advisory commission did nothing to shake this skepticism. Yet the accused have been killed; and if the act is a mistake, the state of Massachusetts will have committed a monstrous and irrevocable act of injustice.

The apologists for the execution defend it chiefly on two grounds. They point to the years of litigation which elapsed between the original indictment and the final penalty. They ask whether any defendants, no matter what crime they were accused of, could reasonably ask a better chance to escape undeserved punishment. They emphasize also the ability and integrity of the three men who finally reviewed the evidence; and, they ask, if you cannot accept the authority and unimpeachable good faith of such a jury, what kind of authority is an American to accept? But these apologies only make the crime of the state of Massachusetts more rather than less flagrant and sinister. It is true that Sacco and Vanzetti were, in a sense, on trial for more than six years, but it is also true that after the original conviction until the appointment of the advisory commission, only one man, himself admittedly prejudiced, passed upon the question whether the publicly expressed doubts about the conviction were reasonable. As for the advisory commission, its report ignored or treated with scant respect doubts which, to other people, no less disinterested, no less well qualified and no less public-spirited than they are, seemed entirely reasonable. It is the inability of reputable opinion in Massachusetts to understand and its unwillingness to admit the obvious existence of reasonable doubts which is the deplorable and sinister aspect of this affair. The state of Massachusetts has, after prolonged consideration and the most exhaustive ventilation of the matter in public, disregarded and defied the most precious tradition of Anglo-American criminal law. In spite of the peculiarly large share of responsibility which must be borne by Judge Thayer, the Supreme Court, Governor Fuller and Messrs. Grant, Stratton and Lowell, it is essentially the whole community which must bear the burden. For the crime could not have been committed if reputable opinion in Massachusetts were not suffering from the influence of some peculiar obliquity.

Such is unfortunately the fact. The eminent men who sat on Governor Fuller's advisory commission are in a state of mind which prevents them from recognizing a reasonable doubt about the guilt of two Italian anarchists even when such a doubt is forced upon their attention. In authorizing their execution they are, in their own opinion, merely vindicating the legal process in Massachusetts

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against popular attack, at grave personal risk and in spite of many obvious reasons for leniency. They are assuming their present attitude, not with hesitation and circumspection, but confidently, irritably and self-righteously. They are the spokesmen of a community which is afraid of being destroyed by the impact of alien agitations and peoples and which, for that reason, is peculiarly disposed to assert against such people the full rigor of a presumably offended law. They are acting out of a gravely mistaken solicitude for the prestige of the Massachusetts of their forbears. They feel that the welfare of this traditional Massachusetts requires them to execute the laws sternly and implacably.

Such being the state of mind in which they have ordered the killing of Sacco and Vanzetti, other Americans who consider the scrupulously fair and circumspect administration of the criminal law to be more important than the prestige of the state of Massachusetts are justified in regarding the act with dismay and foreboding. Their inability to obtain a new trial for the condemned and executed anarchists is a clear case of the failure of a temperate and a reasonable public agitation to produce any sufficient effect upon public opinion and official action. In Massachusetts, at least, the reputable part of the community will not listen, even in time of peace and public security, to the voice of reasonable doubt about a matter which involves the prestige of the state government. If this condition of mind continues or exists elsewhere, as it almost certainly does, the America of our fathers is rapidly passing away. The United States is ceasing to be a place in which responsible public opinion listens to reason or is unafraid to admit the error of an official act. But an America in which prolonged and full public discussion fails to influence public opinion or guide official action is a dangerous and an unstable America. Our traditional securities have ceased to be secure. The truths by which we live have to be affirmed not by the opening but by the closing of our minds.

Shall We Have Factory Farms?

AS THE acres of golden wheat in the August sun await the harvest, the age of machinery creeps further over the prairies. Just as sickles gave way to scythes, just as these disappeared before harvesters and binders, now the separate machines retreat before the "combine"—a combined harvester and thresher—which shortens the agricultural process and does away with human labor. The standing crop comes out of the maw of the machine in the form of bundles of straw and bags of the precious grain. The operator is a skilled mechanic, and the need of a dozen laborers by hand is dispensed with.

It is often said that the farmer is at a disadvantage in competition with the more efficient and more closely controlled manufacturing industry. Farming is individualistic; it is carried on in relatively small units; it is completely competitive, except when modified, at the marketing end, by somewhat precarious coöperatives; it suffers from backward and non-standard practices; it is handicapped by the survival of hundreds of thousands of less skillful managers, whereas industry, in its more centralized units, has weeded the less capable out of executive control. Being more dependent on human hands, the unit costs of farming are higher in relation to the market price. Industry used to suffer, in the matter of efficiency in profit-making, from these same defects. It has climbed away from them largely by the road of the introduction of automatic machinery, the centralization of production in fewer manufacturing units, the division of labor and the rationalization of management.

One may argue, then, that the introduction of such machines as the combine tends toward the industrialization of agriculture and so toward equalizing the status of farming with mechanical industry. There are, indeed, sound reasons for this view. Like all complex machinery, the combine is an expensive piece of capital, and can pay for itself only in large-scale operations. A farmer with not more than a hundred acres usually finds it merely an extravagance. But on large acreage it does away with so much labor as greatly to reduce unit cost, if you count in the interest on the investment necessary to buy it, the maintenance and depreciation. This signifies at least three important things. First, a competitive advantage in costs to the large operation, having sufficient capital. Second, a sufficient standardization of the process so that a large operation may be efficiently managed, the executive's time and attention being partially released for other matters—such as proper accounting, selling, and more scientific methods. Third, ability to cope better with city industry at the point where the farmer has often felt its competition most keenly—in the demand for, and the wages of, labor. In times of comparatively full employment, the sudden need for extra hands in the harvest fields has sometimes driven farmers to desperate expedients to secure the necessary labor and save their crops. Migratory agricultural workers do not supply nearly the whole demand. It is at such times that the farmers have felt an injustice in the wages paid by factories, from which they had to attract their help. But the inroads of the combine during the past year, it is said, have reduced the demand for harvest hands in Kansas alone by about 6,000. And, of course, higher wages may be paid for the more productive type of work which is done.

From such beginnings it is easy to infer that the same sort of development may take place in the country which has characterized town industry. Already huge and completely mechanized farming operations have been set up, with utilization of by-

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products, a staff of employees under a salaried manager, absentee ownership, and corporate organization. We have not only the combine but the gasoline tractor, cotton-picking machinery, and rapidly developing farm devices of other types. We have scientific research which has turned up results far beyond the capacity of the average small farmer to employ. What more natural, then, than that the tenants and the heavily mortgaged small farmers should, in increasing numbers, give up the struggle, that such of them as are needed should become wage-earners or petty executives on the big farms, that the land should gravitate more and more into ownership by large units, many of them belonging to absentees such as banks, insurance companies and the stockholders of agricultural corporations? Thus would be increased the productive efficiency of the farm, the ability to limit production to a supply capable of being sold at a fair price, and the bargaining power of the seller. Meanwhile, the owners, being investors rather than resident farmers, could diversify their risks by distributing them among various companies and industries, while the individual large-scale farming operation would escape the necessity of diversification of product—would escape it, that is, from the standpoint of the investor's welfare.

Whether this will be the line of change, only the future can tell. But if it is followed, we can be sure that it will be far from solving either the social or the economic aspects of the agricultural problem as a whole. There are characteristics of our traditional country life at its best which contribute what looks like an indispensable element to the national culture. The independent farmer with a small domain of his own, with a chance to exercise his ingenuity, patience and industry in the never-ending game with nature, with a wholesome environment and a job that demands a judicious combination of brain and muscle, enjoys a way of life that, whatever may be its economic hardships, still retains precious values which have been lost to the majority of employees of large-scale industry. It is the disappearance of this well rounded exercise of the faculties which makes so much of our machine culture shallow and febrile, unsatisfactory to its participants, and fruitless of enduring achievement. Perhaps independence on the land is doomed by the machine age, as was the old-fashioned handicraft in industry, but, somehow, one looks with horror on the possibility of great factory-farms, operated in a routine fashion by mere wage-earners, who are dependent for their very sustenance—as, indeed, the entire population would be—on the intelligence and favor of absentee land monopolists. City-dwellers who hope for a revolution sometimes visualize as an aid to their plans the creation of an agricultural proletariat, but if this were the only ray of hope for better things, the outlook would be dismal indeed.

Can social planning cope with a possible economic drift in this matter? Only by finding other ways of producing and selling as efficiently. A beginning may be found in the fact that there are still many types of farming which, in spite of all possible machinery, demand so much skill, judgment and interest on the part of the worker that they cannot be economically routinized and turned over to wage-earners, at least without the most intensive supervision. Many experts hold that this limitation applies to truck farming, to certain types of fruit growing, to stock breeding and stock raising in general. Here the most economical unit, under the right conditions, appears to be the individually owned farm which is not too large to be worked principally by the farmer and his family. Social planning may concern itself, as it has in Denmark and other nations, and in certain model settlements in the United States, with furnishing the best conditions for such farms. It may attempt to create real farm communities, with properly considered agricultural programs, with adequate credit, with expert advice, with coöperative buying and selling, with use of commonly owned machinery and the experimental development of a common stock of knowledge, and with an attractive social life. Through these and other means it may nourish an attitude toward the land which would be not primarily that of the profit-maker or the speculator, and so would interpose an effective barrier to the separation of ownership from residence. If there is any validity in the belief that an owning farmer finds an intrinsic satisfaction in his way of life which is denied to the industrial wage-earner, we ought to be able to check the aggression of the factory system on the land by rendering the individual farmer at least efficient enough to make a fair living, and by providing for him and his family a satisfying social environment.

Nor need we be hopeless of such a development in the regions where the great staples are grown on large acreages, and expensive machinery is more necessary. If one farmer with a hundred acres cannot afford a combine, ten farmers may. The farmer can no longer be a complete individualist and survive—that goes without question in a machine age. He must by one means or another give way to operation in larger units, to scientific knowledge, to expert direction. But that does not mean that he must entirely lose his individual freedom in subjection to another master, if he can only learn to cooperate in groups, and can make the group a unit of as great effectiveness as an autocratic organization might be. It would be a tragedy if the farmers should be so incapable of working voluntarily in harness, that dire necessity drove them into a forced subservience to a common boss. For in the inexorable march of mechanical civilization, in agriculture as in industry, control through mutual aid is the only alternative to submission.

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Where Journalism Is Going

NOT very long ago, Pittsburgh had twelve newspapers, as journalists count them: three morning, four evening and five Sunday. Today that twelve has been reduced to five. There are now but one week-day morning paper, two evening, and two Sunday. The story of that reduction in number is so characteristic of what is happening throughout the American newspaper world that it is worth recounting in some detail.

The process has, of course, been one of consolidation. Newspapers have been eliminated by being bought and united. The latest and most important incident came early this month, when William Randolph Hearst and Paul Block, who is a New York advertising man and newspaper owner, bought four papers and combined them into two. Each purchase involved one morning and one evening journal; and they promptly exchanged two of these so that Hearst was left with two evening papers and Block with two morning. These were at once consolidated. Mr. Block now publishes the morning week-day Post-Gazette; Mr. Hearst, the Sun-Telegraph, six evenings and Sunday morning. The third Pittsburgh journal is the Press, also appearing six evenings and Sunday morning, which was acquired only a short time ago by the Scripps-Howard chain. Mr. Hearst paid $5,500,000 for his new property. The Scripps-Howard organization paid $6,200,000. How much Mr. Block expended is not known, but the papers he bought had a gross income last year of $5,000,000, and it is unlikely that he paid any less than that sum.

The Pittsburgh consolidations are in accordance with the general trend of journalism throughout the country. Consolidation, nicknamed the "Munsey movement," after its late New York practitioner, is the order of the day. According to the reliable journal of the trade, Editor and Publisher, the number of English-language dailies in the United States declined in the past six months from 2,001 to 1,952, and is still shrinking, probably at an accelerated rate. Equally characteristic of the times is the reduction in the Pittsburgh morning field to one paper. Department-store advertising is the lifeblood of the daily press, and, on the whole, with an occasional exception in one city or another, the department stores spend most of their money in the afternoon field. Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis and other cities have all, in recent years, seen a similar drastic reduction in the number of morning papers.

A third point in which Pittsburgh is now typical is that not a single daily paper there is now locally owned. Each of the three publishers has journals in other cities—both Hearst and the Scripps-Howard group, in more than a score of other communities, Mr. Block in half a dozen. None of these proprietors lives in Pittsburgh, or, presumably, ever will live there. They conduct chain newspapers with the same efficiency and commercial acumen which is devoted to chain groceries or five-and-ten-cent emporia. Two of the three systems have their own telegraphic news service, and syndicates to furnish "features," cartoons and editorials. Pittsburghers in future (as to a great extent in the past) will be amused, edified and instructed, when at all, by writers and artists who know little or nothing of that city, but live and work in New York or Cleveland or Paris. The local flavor, already much diminished, will be reduced even further.

The days when you could read a newspaper because you agreed with its general policy, it will be noticed, are ended. In Pittsburgh, if you want a morning paper at all, you must accept the wares of Mr. Block. This gentleman is best known as a successful salesman of advertising space, on a vast scale. He can hardly be said to be interested in public affairs as is, for instance, Mr. Hearst, but in so far as he has a political platform of his own, it is, "Stand by our noble President!" Thus his Post-Gazette, in the first editorial after the consolidation, observed that "the outstanding policy of this unified paper" will be

> loyalty—loyalty to the best interests of a Greater Pittsburgh and loyalty to the policies which are making this country a constantly happier and more prosperous nation.
>
> The Post-Gazette delays not a minute in announcing its faith in the principles and policies of the President of the United States. This newspaper is further mindful of the increasingly great contribution to our country's welfare which is being made by Secretary Mellon and those other loyal Pennsylvanians who are helping President Coolidge to maintain the high character of the national administration.

Mr. Hearst went even further to show that he bowed the knee where Pittsburgh does. He came out for Mellon for President.

The Scripps-Howard newspaper in Pittsburgh is like the Scripps-Howard papers in other cities. Theirs is the most liberal of all the newspaper chains, and on many occasions they have done work of the greatest public value. It is, of course, sheer luck that this happens to be true, as it is sheer luck that they happened to own a paper in Pittsburgh.

That the recent consolidations have been good business, there is no doubt. After one copy of any newspaper has been produced, a million may be manufactured with no extra expense except white paper. In consequence, a consolidation of two papers means halving the cost while the revenues of the combination journal remain nearly—or sometimes, quite—as great as were those of the components when appearing separately. In the morning field, Pittsburgh is experiencing a monopoly, with the usual attributes. The price of the paper is being boosted from two cents to three, and the advertising rates are subject to increases ranging from $.84 to $1.40 a column inch. Editor and Publisher

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estimates that at least 300 newspaper men will be discharged in the course of the shake-up, and not replaced. The saving in expense thereby achieved is obvious, however hard the result may be on the unfortunate individuals who are thrown out of employment with no opportunity of finding a position again (except by going to some other city, where Pittsburgh's experience is not unlikely to be repeated).

Even from the public's point of view, the process is not an unmixed evil. Other things being equal, newspapers which are weak financial institutions are more likely to be venal than are strong ones. Editors and reporters who are underpaid, as is usually the case when profits are small, are not thereby encouraged to perform their functions more honestly and intelligently. Syndication, while it keeps the local Miltons mute and inglorious, gives a few men not only incomes such as no writer ever dreamed of in the past but a rostrum of incomparable magnitude. Chain ownership means, among other things, that the editor in any city is kept up to a national standard at least of technical excellence, and sometimes of community usefulness as well. It has one great advantage, since in a crisis, and for a short time only, it permits the individual paper to remain independent of domination by the local department stores: the profits earned in twenty cities may be poured into the twenty-first to keep a paper going until it wins a fight which the national owners happen to think is important. Moreover, while the possession of great wealth usually makes newspaper owners conservative, this is not universally true. The Scripps-Howard chain, the New York World and St. Louis Post-Dispatch, the Baltimore "Sunpapers," are examples of journals owned by men of great wealth who are, nevertheless, courageous in fighting for what they conceive to be the social good, often in disagreement with the prevailing opinion among men of their class.

Such facts do not, however, mitigate the generally undesirable consequences of chain ownership, and syndication of contents. These developments accentuate the process, which has already gone so far, of standardization of thought. They increase the fierceness with which any departure from the majority opinion, in politics, social ideas, even in dress and mode of living, is resented, in America. They apply national formulæ to local situations to which they are never quite adequate. They offer an attitude toward things, an outlook on life in general, which may or may not, according to pure chance, have any relation to the attitude and outlook of the community. It is no answer to say that no one needs to buy a newspaper if he doesn't want to, and that circulation can only be maintained by catering to the views of the community. In Pittsburgh, as we have pointed out, the person of liberal views must look at the world, in the morning, through Mr. Block's stodgy conservatism, or go without the news. The conservative must, in the evening, embrace either Scripps-Howard progressivism, written in popular terms for the masses, or the Hearst formula, in which photographs of scantily clad women, and stories about love-nests and kiss-burglars play almost as great a part as they do in the tabloids. Nobody, whatever his political inclinations, who has the sort of mind which prefers The Atlantic Monthly to The Saturday Evening Post or Liberty, can buy any Pittsburgh newspaper with the expectation of finding the affairs of the world thoughtfully reviewed therein by intelligent men as one expects to find them reviewed in The London Times, or the London Morning Post, or the Manchester Guardian. Journalism of that type, needless to say, has all but disappeared from the United States; and where it still remains, it is in most cases a luxury which an obdurate and wealthy publisher insists on maintaining in the face of the fact that larger financial rewards accrue to mob-writing for the mob-mind and the mob-advertiser.

Nothing could be more futile than to utter jeremiads about the developments here discussed. They are, in the main, economic in character, and making gestures of moral disapprobation about them is as useless as it is to seek, by means of anti-trust laws, to halt the similar movement of industry as a whole. There is, at least, a gleam of hope in the fact that journalism is growing more self-conscious and self-critical and is making preliminary gestures in the direction of professional standards and the creation of a professional code of ethics. There is another gleam of hope in the possibility that, as the big papers grow bigger, small ones may appear, mushrooms among the oaks, produced for comparatively small groups of men who have common interests, papers operated at small expense and attaining without much difficulty a degree of economic independence which insures intellectual independence. Journalism is so much an essential part of the communal life that we are entitled to hope it will prove a self-bailing boat. It has not yet been shown that, when conditions get bad enough, they will not better themselves.

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HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN GILBERT SELDES
ELINOR WYLIE LEO WOLMAN LEWIS MUMFORD

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Can Income Taxes Be Shifted?

NOTHING has been more confidently asserted or more often reiterated than the statement that income taxes are always shifted by the taxpayer to the ultimate consumer, with the result that the consumer, in fact, pays the tax. In the last presidential campaign, this assertion was the basis of the argument most used by those who supported the party in power. It is hard to say just what determines presidential elections, but, if this assertion was believed, it may have been very effective.

The campaign orators were not content with giving the administration proper credit for the large reductions that had been made in national taxation. They declared that these reductions went to the benefit of the people at large and boldly prophesied that a corresponding reduction in prices would follow. Their opponents on the stump neither denied this claim nor questioned the prophecy. They contented themselves with asserting that the party which they represented was equally entitled to credit for the reductions made in taxes.

The principle that income taxes are shifted, having been everywhere proclaimed and seldom disputed, naturally became, in the minds of many, something to be taken for granted. Never did an utterly fallacious theory find an opportunity so favorable for its acceptance. Even the failure of the prophesied reduction in prices to materialize to any appreciable extent has not shaken the faith of many of its believers.

"Of course," said the campaign speaker, "the manufacturer has to have a profit. Everyone knows that in determining his profits the manufacturer deducts the taxes, and anyone can see that he would add the taxes to his price."

What anyone ought to be able to see is that the manufacturer sells for what he can get, be the price high or low. No one who thinks at all can be credulous enough to believe that corporations, or, for that matter, individuals in business, conduct their affairs on such idealistic principles as to sell for the least they can afford instead of the highest they can get. If there be any such person, he has only to consider the billions of profits which the corporations made in 1926 and the dividends distributed by them in cash and stock for several years. How long, it may be asked, would a manager last who sold the product of his factory for less than it would bring in the market? And what a delightful condition it would be if, when demand was lessened and market prices falling, the manufacturer would always fix the price on his products which would yield any desired profit above both costs and taxes! On this theory, no enterprise would ever lose money and everyone would want to go into business. But profits are not made simply by the use of a pencil and a sheet of paper. Demand and supply will always regulate the price, in the main. Of course, a monopoly can obtain higher prices than concerns which have to meet competition, but, even in such cases, too high a profit lessens the demand.

If anything more is needed to show that taxes on profits are not reflected in prices, it is only necessary to consult the price charts which have been issued from year to year by statistical organizations such as Bradstreet's or Babson's. Although taxes on profits were greatly reduced immediately after the War, prices fell but little until the panic of 1921, when demand was almost non-existent. Heavy tax reductions were again made by the Acts of 1921, 1924 and 1926, but the lines of the charts show that the general price level, instead of falling, slowly rose for several years following 1921 and then, in 1926, entered a very slow decline, which has been somewhat greater this year. But at no time has the decline been sufficient to make any material reduction in prices and the cost of living. There was a considerable fall last year in the price of agricultural products, but no one would claim that they are affected by income taxes, since only a few of the farmers pay any. It is plain that reductions which have been made in income taxes have gone directly to the benefit of the taxpayer.

There are some aspects of the claim that income taxes are always shifted which are simply absurd. This is particularly the case with reference to taxes on incomes from dividends. How utterly impossible would it be for the steel trust to add its stockholders' taxes to its prices! Even the small corporations could not undertake anything of the kind.

At the last session of Congress a strong effort was made for a reduction in income taxes on corporations, and the effort will be renewed at the coming session. It is not the purpose of this article to consider the merits of this proposition. It will not be presented to Congress on the theory that the taxes on incomes of corporations are passed on to the people at large, but on the claim that the stockholders of the corporations have been unduly and disproportionately taxed under the present rates. It would seem that this argument might properly be made on behalf of the small corporations at least, but some of those who will present the matter to Congress may have to modify their former statements at committee hearings, or attempt to occupy wholly inconsistent positions.

Everyone agrees that sales taxes are almost uniformly shifted to the ultimate consumer. This is

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also true of excise taxes as a rule. An example is the tax on admissions. Taxes on real estate, when placed on city property, usually result in a corresponding increase in rent, though when on farm property they often operate only to reduce the returns. But taxes on incomes are levied on an altogether different basis. Since the amount of the income tax depends upon the amount of the profits, taxes cannot be passed on unless the taxpayer can fix the amount of his profits.

It is unnecessary to say that no economist ever preached such a doctrine. Economists must at least make an effort to be logical and consistent. The older economists do not seem to have discussed the matter, although England has had the income tax for more than a century. Possibly this is because no one ever claimed that income taxes could be shifted until recent years, during which this theory has been so vociferously proclaimed that it could not escape attention. When considered by the newer school of economists, the principle has invariably been pronounced fallacious. Professor Adams of Yale says it is next to absurd, and, if it were sound, Congress would only need to raise tax rates to increase profits. Professor Seligman of Columbia, in an elaborate argument, has demonstrated its unsoundness, and the experts of the National Industrial Conference Board, after an elaborate investigation, have also rejected it. The real purpose of the propaganda which has been so universally carried on has been to make the people believe that when a million, or two millions, was taken off the tax of the money kings, it went directly to the benefit of the public in the form of a reduction in the cost of living.

Our federal revenue laws provide for the return of taxes erroneously collected if application is made therefor within a specified time. Hundreds of millions of dollars of income taxes have been returned under this provision to the taxpayers. The last fiscal year alone, the amount of refunds allowed was $174,120,000, practically all on income taxes. The Revenue Act of 1924 contained a provision rebating 25 percent of the individual income taxes for 1923, part of which had already been paid when the act was passed. Of course, if prices and charges are made up and fixed in advance so as to include taxes, not a cent of all these vast sums should have been refunded or rebated on income taxes. If there is anything whatever in the claim that income taxes are shifted, the taxpayer had already got these taxes back through increased charges to the public, and their return gave him a bonus instead of a refund.

The popular belief that income taxes are passed on prevails along with another delusion—that the Mellon plan, which was proposed and rejected by Congress in 1924, was practically adopted in the Revenue Act of 1926. The real fact is that the Mellon plan and the Act of 1926 have little in common. The lines upon which the two bills were framed were completely divergent. The Mellon plan was framed on the theory that the big taxpayers who paid the highest surtaxes needed relief most, and that those whose incomes were barely enough to give meager support to their families did not need any. Consequently the Mellon plan did not increase the exemptions from the income tax at all, and the reductions in rates on moderate incomes were slight, but the maximum rates of surtaxes were reduced one-half. In short, the Mellon plan was drafted to protect the big incomes. The opposition to it was not because of the reductions it made but those it didn't. It was opposed because its benefits went principally to the owners of great fortunes, and those most needing relief got no benefit unless they were benefited by reducing the taxes of the wealthy.

The framers of the 1926 Act considered that incomes at the bottom of the scale were entitled to real rather than theoretical relief. They decided that reductions should be made all along the line, but especially on the small incomes. Accordingly, the amount exempt from income tax was raised, and 2,300,000 small taxpayers were relieved from paying any tax whatever. There was also a heavy reduction in normal taxes and the lower surtaxes. At the same time, the maximum surtax was reduced even more than under the Mellon plan. Representative Collier of Mississippi, in a speech in the House, made an analysis of the two bills and compared the amounts paid under each. It appeared that those having moderate incomes, if assessed at the rates fixed by the Mellon plan, would be required to pay three or four times as much as under the present law. Yet many of these taxpayers are repeating the cry, "Congress had to come to the Mellon plan after all." It is to be regretted that they cannot have a short experience under that plan: their views would quickly change.

The lobbyist who will tell Congress at the next session that the corporation stockholder is suffering from the high rates of the corporation income tax will have to find a way to suppress those who will be unwilling to recant their former assertions that these taxes are always passed on. Obviously, if income taxes are shifted, the stockholders' dividends have not been lessened thereby. On the other hand, if these taxes reduce corporation profits and dividends, they are certainly not passed on to the public. When hearings are held by the Ways and Means Committee for the purpose of preparing a new bill, the public stands a chance of learning the correct principles. In any event, the spell-binder in the next campaign will need some new slogans. It will not do to tell the people that reducing the income tax will lower the cost of living. The public has been promised a reduction in the cost of living too many times already. Why not tell the people the truth about taxation, for a change?

"POLITICAL ECONOMIST."

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Negro Artists and the Negro

WHEN the Negro art fad first came into being and Negro poets, novelists, musicians and painters became good copy, literate and semi-literate Negro America began to strut and to shout. Negro newspapers reprinted every item published anywhere concerning a Negro whose work had found favor with the critics, editors, or publishers. Negro journals conducted contests to encourage embryonic geniuses. Negro ministers preached sermons, Negro lecturers made speeches, and Negro club women read papers—all about the great new Negro art.

Everyone was having a grand time. The millennium was about to dawn. The second emancipation seemed inevitable. Then the excitement began to die down and Negroes as well as whites began to take stock of that in which they had revelled. The whites shrugged their shoulders and began seeking for some new fad. Negroes stood by, a little subdued, a little surprised, torn between being proud that certain of their group had achieved distinction, and being angry because a few of these arrived ones had ceased to be what the group considered "constructive" and had in the interim produced works that went against the grain, in that they did not wholly qualify to the adjective "respectable."

Langston Hughes was the major disturbing note in the "renaissance" chorus. His first volume of verse, "The Weary Blues," introduced him as a poet who was interested in artistic material rather than in sociological problems. He went for inspiration and rhythms to those people who had been the least absorbed by the quagmire of American Kultur, and from them he undertook to select and preserve such autonomous racial values as were being rapidly eradicated in order to speed the Negro's assimilation.

"The Weary Blues" did not evoke much caustic public comment from Mr. Hughes' people. Negroes were still too thrilled at the novelty of having a poet who could gain the attention of a white publisher to pay much attention to what he wrote. Quietly, and privately, however, certain Negroes began to deplore the author's jazz predilections, his unconventional poetic forms, and his preoccupation with the proletariat. But they were hopeful that he would reform and write in a conventional manner about the "best people."

Mr. Hughes' second volume, "Fine Clothes to the Jew," a hard, realistic compilation, happened to be published while Negroes were still rankling from Carl Van Vechten's novel of Negro life in Harlem, "Nigger Heaven." It seemed as if this novel served to unleash publicly a store of suppressed invective that not only lashed Mr. Van Vechten and Mr. Hughes, but also the editors and contributors to Fire, a new experimental quarterly devoted to and published by younger Negro artists. Under the heading "Writer Brands Fire as Effeminate Tommyrot," a reviewer in one of the leading Negro weeklies said: "I have just tossed the first issue of Fire—into the fire, and watched the cackling flames leap and snarl as though they were trying to swallow some repulsive dose."

Fire, like Mr. Hughes' poetry, was experimental. It was not interested in sociological problems or propaganda. It was purely artistic in intent and conception. Its contributors went to the proletariat rather than to the bourgeoisie for characters and material. They were interested in people who still retained some individual race qualities and who were not totally white American in every respect save color of skin.

There is one more young Negro who will probably be classed with Mr. Hughes when he does commence to write about the American scene. So far this writer, Eric Walrond, has confined his talents to producing realistic prose pictures of the Caribbean regions. If he ever turns on the American Negro as impersonally and as unsentimentally as he turned on West Indian folk in "Tropic Death," he too will be blacklisted in polite colored circles.

The Negro plastic artists, especially Aaron Douglas and Richard Bruce, are also in disfavor, Douglas because of his advanced modernism and raw caricatures of Negro types, Bruce because of his interest in decadent types and the kinks he insists on putting upon the heads of his almost classical figures. Negroes, you know, don't have kinky hair; or, if they have, they use Madame Walker's straightening pomade.

Moreover, when it first became popular to sing spirituals for public delectation, the mass of Negroes objected vigorously. They did not wish to become identified again with what the spirituals connoted, and they certainly did not want to hear them sung in dialect. It was not until white music critics began pointing out the beauty of the spirituals, and identifying the genius that produced them, that Negroes joined in the hallelujah chorus.

Negroes are, of course, no different in this from any other race. The same class of Negroes who protest when Mr. Hughes says:

> Put on yo' red silk stockings
> Black gal.
> Go out an' let the white boys
> Look at yo' legs.
> . . . . . .
> Put on yo' red silk stockings, gal
> An' tomorrow's chile 'll
> Be a high yaller

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have their counterpart in those American whites who protest against the literary upheavals of a Dreiser, an Anderson, or a Sandburg. And those American Negroes who would not appreciate the spirituals until white critics sang their praises have their counterpart in the American whites who would not appreciate Poe and Whitman until European critics classed them as immortals.

The mass of American Negroes can no more be expected to emancipate themselves from petty prejudices and myopic fears than can the mass of American whites. They all revere Service, Prosperity and Progress. True, the American Negro may be the more pitiful figure, since he insists on selling every vestige of his birthright for a mess of pottage.

The American Negro feels that he has been misinterpreted and caricatured so long by insincere artists that once a Negro gains the ear of the public he should expend his spiritual energy feeding the public honeyed manna on a silver spoon. The mass of Negroes, like the mass of whites, seem unable to differentiate between sincere art and insincere art. They seem unable to fathom the innate differences between a dialect farce committed by an Octavus Roy Cohen to increase the gaiety of Babbitts, and a dialect interpretation done by a Negro writer to express some abstract something that burns within his people and sears him. They seem unable to differentiate between the Uncle Remus tales and a darky joke told by Irvin Cobb, or to distinguish the difference, in conception and execution, between a "Lulu Belle," with its cheap gaudiness and blatant ensemble, and an "All God's Chillun Got Wings" by a sympathetic, groping Eugene O'Neill. Even such fine things as a "Porgy" or a "Green Thursdays" are labeled inadequate and unfair. While "Nigger Heaven"—ask Carl Van Vechten!

Negroes in America feel certain that they must always appear in public butter side up, in order to keep from being trampled in the contemporary onward march. They feel as if they must always exhibit specimens from the college rather than from the kindergarten, specimens from the parlor rather than from the pantry. They are in the process of being assimilated, and those elements within the race which are still too potent for easy assimilation must be hidden until they no longer exist.

Thus, when the publishers of Mr. Hughes' second volume of verse say on the cover that "These poems, for the most part, interpret the most primitive types of American Negro, the bell boys, the cabaret girls, the migratory workers, the singers of Blues and Spirituals, and the makers of folk songs," and that they "express the joy and pathos, the beauty and ugliness of their lives," Negroes begin to howl. This is just the part of their life which experience has taught them should be kept in the background if they would exist comfortably in these United States. It makes no difference if this element of their life is of incontestable value to the sincere artist. It is also available and of incontestable value to insincere artists and prejudiced white critics.

The Negro artist is in a no more enviable position than is the emerging, or sometimes, for that matter, even the arrived artist, of other races or countries. He will receive little aid from his own people unless he spends his time spouting sociological jeremiads or exhausts his talent in building rosy castles around Negro society. He will be exploited by white faddists, and sneered at by non-faddists. He will be overrated on the one hand, and under-praised on the other.

Neither is the position of the bourgeois Negro an enviable one. Fearing as he does what his white compatriots think, he feels that he cannot afford to be attacked realistically by Negro artists who do not seem to have the "proper" sense of refinement or race pride. The American scene dictates that the American Negro must be what he ain't! And despite what the minority intellectual and artistic group may say, it really does seem more profitable for him to be what he ain't, than for him to be what he is.

The first literary works that came out of the so-called "Negro renaissance" were not of the riling variety. "Cane," by Jean Toomer, was really pre-renaissance, as it was published too soon to be lifted into the best-seller class merely because its author was a Negro. And, as Waldo Frank forewarned in his introduction to "Cane," Jean Toomer was not a *Negro* artist, but an *artist* who had lost "lesser identities in the great well of life." His book, therefore, was of little interest to sentimental whites or to Negroes with an inferiority complex to camouflage. Both the personality of the author and the style of his book were above the heads of these groups. Although "Cane" reeked with bourgeois-baiting revelations, it caused little excitement among the bourgeois sector of Negro society, save in Mr. Toomer's home town, Washington, D. C., where the main criticisms were concerning his treatment of Negro women.

"Fire in the Flint" by Walter White, "Flight" by the same author, and "There is Confusion" by Jessie Fauset were just the sort of literary works both Negroes and sentimental whites desired Negroes to write. The first, a stirring romantic propaganda tale, recounted all the ills Negroes suffer in the inimical South, and made all Negroes seem magnanimous, mistreated martyrs, all southern whites evil transgressors of human rights. It followed the conventional theme in the conventional manner. It was a direct descendant of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and it had the same effect on the public. White latter-day abolitionists shook their heads, moaned and protested. Negroes read, boiled and bellowed.

Less sensational and more ambitious, the second

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novel from this author's pen sought to chronicle the emotional and physical peregrinations of a female mulatto with such a preponderance of white blood in her veins that she could be either Caucasian or Negro at will. Miss Fauset's work was an ill-starred attempt to popularize the pleasing news that there were cultured Negroes, deserving of attention from artists, and of whose existence white folk should be apprised.

All of these works of fiction, as well as the two outstanding works of non-fiction, "The Gift of Black Folk" by W. E. B. Du Bois, and "The New Negro," edited by Alain Locke, that appeared during the heated days of the "renaissance" were considerate of the Aframerican's *amour propre,* soothing to his self-esteem and stimulating to his vanity. They all treated the Negro as a sociological problem rather than as a human being. I might add that only in "The New Negro" was there even an echo of a different tune. The rest were treatises rather than works of art.

These works were all designed to prove to the American white man that the American Negro was not inferior *per se* and, therefore, were honored and blessed by Negroes.

"Color," a volume of verses by Countee Cullen, was also conventional in theme and manner. True, Mr. Cullen was possessed by a youthful exuberance that occasionally flamed with sensual passion, but for the most part he was the conventional Negro litterateur in all respects save that he had more talent than most of his predecessors. He could say:

> Yet do I marvel at this curious thing:
> To make a poet black, and bid him sing.

or wish

> To do a naked tribal dance
> Each time he hears the rain

and finally

> Once riding in old Baltimore,
> Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,
> I saw a Baltimorean
> Keep looking straight at me.
>
> Now I was eight and very small
> And he was no whit bigger,
> And so I smiled, but he poked out
> His tongue, and called me, "Nigger."
>
> I saw the whole of Baltimore
> From May until December;
> Of all the things that happened there
> That's all that I remember.

This last poem was enough to endear Mr. Cullen to every bourgeois black soul in America, as well as to cause white critics to surpass themselves in calling attention to this Negro poet's genus, a thing far more important to them than his genius. And, since Mr. Cullen, unlike his contemporary, Mr. Hughes, has not and perhaps never will seek the so-called lower elements of Negro life for his poetic rhythms and material, and since he, too, assumes the conventional race attitude toward his people rather than an artistic one, he will probably remain endeared to both bourgeois black America and sentimental white America, more because of this attitude than because of his undisputed talent or his intense spiritual sensitivity.

Fortunately, now, the Negro art "renaissance" has reached a state of near sanity. Serious and inquisitive individuals are endeavoring to evaluate the present and potential significance of this development in Negro life. They are isolating, interpreting, and utilizing those things which seem to have a true esthetic value. If but a few live coals are found in a mountain of ashes, no one should be disappointed. Genius is a rare quality in this world, and there is no reason why it should be more ubiquitous among Blacks than Whites.

WALLACE THURMAN.

Job Seeker

His thought swayed as the slow train swayed.
Now was the end. He to go on,
She to go back. Though they had weighed
For weeks this moment, it was grown
Too heavy on them at the last.

She had been gay those years before.
Now it was time to get her coat.
He hadn't thought they would come so poor.
He ought to say . . . it was rough in his throat . . .

And there the junction loomed. How fast
The grim train grated to a stop!
His knuckled hands were white from trying
Not to hold hard to hers. A drop
Of jewelled salt lay on his coarse
Big face. He wished for her she were crying.

"If work is good you'll come in the spring.
Just tell the kids, well . . . some good thing,
And, well, goodbye. . . ." He was too hoarse
To say more, were he better at saying.
Behind her, casual bold eyes hung
Like a tawdry peacock screen. No tongue
Was his for tenderness, to tell
All that his heavy arms were praying.

So, "Well . . . goodbye," he said—thin, high—
And looked bewildered. "Well . . . goodbye . . .
Well. . . ."

DEVERE ALLEN.

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The Doll's House

TO a traveler eastward bound across the continent of Asia, the great stretches of India and China make Japan seem Lilliputian. There are none of China's empty vistas here, no endless plains like India's. Japan is Asia's doll's house. Islands are like so much confetti scattered on the water at a carnival; lakes are small enough to hide behind an orchard; rice-fields look like glass-topped tea-trays, waiting to be set upon a wicker table. It is a toy land, and whoever built it lost no chance to make each corner of it perfect. Probably, very early, one of the gods measured it inch by inch, with a corps of aides to set the stage for him. You can conceive him standing in the center of each landscape, shouting directions through a megaphone. "Just move that hill a little to the left, please. . . . Not quite so far. . . . That's it. . . . And bring those woods down from the lake a mile or two. . . . Hold on! Don't let the river get away from you. We need it for a foreground. . . . That's right. . . . Now paint in your sky. And while you're at it, hang a sunset just beyond that peak we put up yesterday."

II

It is a doll's house, this narrow string of islands off the coast of Asia. And because it has the right footlights and stage carpentery—even something of the right plot—it seems as if it might almost be the same Doll's House that Ibsen wrote his play about.

For there is a suggestion, here, of the same struggle over the acceptance of hand-me-down ideas that made Ibsen's heroine a rebel. The women of Japan might be compared with Nora; but the real comparison is wider. For all Japan is Nora. And Europe and America divide the role of the complacent husband. Europe and America have set the pace, in recent years, and Japan, like Nora in the first two acts, has tagged along behind. That may be because Japan is at best a cleverly imitative nation, as its critics say of it—a nation with no talent for charting a new course; more certainly it is because Japan has been making a frantic effort to catch up with the modern West. In that effort Japan has borrowed wholesale. There are Japanese, for instance, who began preaching "empire" largely because all the larger European nations seemed to have one. There are other Japanese who have turned their back on what is oriental, in ethics, art and manners, and now demand the latest Paris fashions. There are still other Japanese who have imbibed the notion of a national culture and the necessity of spreading it on some less favored people. A hundred different western creeds have been taught the Japanese since Perry landed on the coast at Yokohama.

But it is not just a question of one nation importing ideas from another in the customary fashion. The suddenness of the transition makes the alternatives more definite. More and more Japan will really choose what it wants from Europe and America, and perhaps get the best—or let itself be put through the paces and surely get the worst. With more people on the stage and a somewhat more inclusive plot, Ibsen's Scandinavian drama is being played in Japanese.

III

The wheels of government click smoothly in Japan. In fact, at first glance it seems as if Tokyo had more prestige and authority with its hinterland than any capital in Europe. The "expert" looks more powerfully placed. Those cabinet officials, for instance, who manage the army and the navy, seem far beyond the reach of any layman. There is no popular assembly that can even badger them.

Being strongly governed, and being governed by one's experts, has its manifest advantages. Yet even in a fishing village far from Tokyo, awed a little by the omnipotence of Japanese authority, a mere spectator may hanker for a little more incompetence. Experts have become essential; we shall not get along without them on the modern stage. But until the right balance has been discovered between them and everybody else, in the mechanics of government, experts have their own peculiar drawbacks. It may not occur to a Japanese to wonder why he has less influence than an American in the management of public business; but certainly one reason is because he seems to regard his high officials as so hopelessly above him, so incomparably better trained than he could ever be. Perhaps they are. But the result is a good case of an inferiority complex.

Americans may have better luck, even though the wheels of government sometimes click less smoothly. For Americans often feel themselves not only every bit as good as those who happen to be ruling them, but on the whole a great deal better. A few years ago, even Americans of tender age felt that they could manage battleships more competently than the high official who then functioned as their Secretary of the Navy. Hard though that may have been upon the navy, it brought a certain incidental compensation. Perhaps no other government official in recent years, in any land, made his public feel so thoroughly at home.

IV

To some tea-house with a canopy of cherry blossoms on its garden wall comes the western tourist, searching for the geisha girl. He has heard about her, long before he leaves his native land. She is as famous as the snow on Fuji.

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He comes, this tourist, with high hopes of a new sensation—and probably he is having it. For he has left his comfortable hotel, with its Louis XIV chairs; and on a polished floor, in the most painful pose the human body can endure, he sits upon his heels beside a hard and useless pillow.

At one elbow kneels the geisha. She is demure, and probably quite young. She has decked herself in her best colors for the pleasure of her guest; it is her responsibility to amuse him. If he is very much the novice she helps him manage chopsticks, explains the virtues of the menu, tempts him with a salad or a bit of uncooked fish. And after dinner, when she has lit his cigarette and invited him to lie back upon his unappealing pillow, she dances for him with a slow rhythmic motion that seldom lifts her feet, pirouetting with a fan she holds before her body like a magnet.

More than likely when that dance is ended, and his tired legs are stretched again, the adventurer will hurry home and write the geisha's story. Impressed with the fact that she is at best a plaything while she lasts, and that when her beauty fades she will probably turn to prostitution, he commiserates with her. She is a pitiful little figure. But on beyond her tea-house, in the factories and mines, there are five times as many girls of her same age and origin —girls who work twelve hours every day, underpaid and undernourished. Any tourist finds much the same thing, of course, in his own land—if he looks for it. But all this usually awakes a less impassioned pity. Poverty, in the long run, is a more devastating evil, socially, than prostitution. But it will never be as interesting.

V

Until you have seen Nikko, says a proverb in Japan, never use the word "magnificent." And the proverb is not altogether wrong. For here, on half a dozen wooded hillsides ninety miles from Tokyo, are grouped the most lavish of all temples in Japan. There is nothing so majestic as the Taj Mahal in India, or the Temple of Heaven in Peking. But for devotion to detail, for treasure piled on treasure, Nikko is a place to boast about. Gold inlay and lacquer rich enough to make an heirloom of a six-inch jewel case have been spread out prodigally on walls a hundred feet in length. The men who built these Nikko shrines knew how well they had succeeded. One pillar of the Yomei-mon bears its pattern upside down—cut that way on purpose, lest, too perfect, it excite the jealousy of the gods.

The greatest mausoleums in Japan are here at Nikko; and one extraordinary thing about them is that they were never built—as the great mausoleums of India and Egypt and most other lands were built—to honor the nation's ruling family. The Mikados of Japan do not rest at Nikko. They were princes, to be sure—these members of the Tokugawa clan whose temples rise at Nikko; but they were not princes of the throne or princes of the royal line. They were not kinsmen of their Emperor. Not even friends. They were his enemies—and his masters.

For the Tokugawas were the unofficial rulers of Japan for many years. They were known as "Shoguns." The Mikados kept the scepter; the Shoguns had the public purse. They ruled Japan in somewhat the same fashion as the Mayors of the Palace once ruled France. The Mikado was more or less a royal hostage in his palace. When the Shoguns did not like him, they deposed him. As a rule they did it when they chose. From the year 1298 to the year 1304 they did it so determinedly that there were actually no less than five ex-Mikados all alive at once.

And yet, despite the fact that the Shoguns ruled till only sixty years ago, and the Mikado remained a figurehead, the myth of that Mikado as the Son of Heaven, omnipotent on earth, has been kept alive. The Constitution of Japan, a fairly modern document, makes the Mikado "sacred and inviolable"; a hundred of the country's historians and statesmen have agreed with Prince Ito's famous text that the Emperor is "Heaven-descended, divine and sacred, preëminent above all His subjects. . . . Not only shall there be no irreverence for the Emperor's name, but also shall He not be made a topic of derogatory comment, nor of discussion."

The myth of one Mikado on another's heels, descended from the skies, all-powerful, and ruling in unbroken line, is still taught schoolboys in Japan. It is taught despite a good many contradictory facts, and despite these shrines at Nikko, shouting from the hilltops that the Shoguns really ruled the land.

VI

What the people of Japan think about all this is a much disputed point. One group of Japan's interpreters believes that the myth of the Mikado as Heaven's Son has no real hold on the public mind; the public is courteous, but skeptical. Another group thinks that all Japan believes in it devoutly. Neither group has had a referendum. Either may be right. But whatever vogue the myth has had in days gone by, one may wonder what will happen to it now. Can myths like this one beat the modern press, the illustrated daily and the moving picture?

The old days were more healthy ones for myths. The Great Man, whether he was a Mikado or a Solomon, a Captain Kidd or Charlemagne, lived behind a screen that kept him sheltered. No huge public ever saw his photograph, for photographs had not been invented; so there was nothing to prove that his was not the handsomest or the noblest or the fiercest face in all the world, as his coterie of friends proclaimed it. There was nothing to prove that he was not eight feet tall, with an eagle's eye and a flowing beard. His camp-followers could do wonders with him. They glorified his horsemanship,

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his wit, his prowess with the ladies. They had no opposition. There were no enterprising reporters interviewing the Great Man's riding master, no movies of him taking a salute, no morning papers to put his newest jest to the test of twenty million readers. His army knew him, and his servants; but so far as most of the taxpayers were concerned, the Great Man lived apart. Very little of his personality oozed through the barriers to an enthusiastic public.

It is different now. The barriers are riddled. What the Great Man eats at breakfast—what he thinks of coffee, how he has his eggs—this is fodder for the Sunday morning papers. It is read in every village. In the theaters, moving pictures show him no mercy if he does not look the hero, or fidgets before a battery of cameras, or fumbles with his hat at a reception, just as ordinary people would fumble. With their vast publics the movie and the modern press have brought the Great Man to the circus tent. He may still be worshipped. But he has left the clouds.

And so it is quite right to wonder what will happen in Japan. Apparently with intent, the institution of the throne is being popularized. The new Emperor appears in public, plays golf enthusiastically, and poses for the news photographers with a brassie in his hands. He will probably be a more popular ruler than his fathers. But will he keep the myth alive? Legendary figures, once they come on-stage, must attain the heroic plane or drop back with the mere mortals. What will the people think of a Son of Heaven, and what happens to the theory of omnipotence on earth, if this Emperor takes three shots to get around a bunker?

VII

It was partly to bolster up the myth of a divine Mikado when western ideas began sweeping through Japan as swiftly as western comforts and inventions, that certain powerful and thoughtful statesmen turned to a religion known as "Shinto." It was not a new religion. A thousand years ago it was popular throughout Japan. It was a certain form of nature worship, then, whose ethics and philosophy went little further than obedience and the devil take the hindmost. But the new statesmen of Japan took it from the cupboard shelf some sixty years ago and decked it out in modern style. They linked it with Mikado-worship. They filled its shrines and halls and parks with war trophies, battered masts of captured ships, and lithographs of soldiers going into action. Shinto, new style, was launched to consolidate patriotism and the Church, the Church and the Mikado.

Shinto has made some progress since the statesmen of Japan took it in hand. Sixty years ago its prestige was inconsiderable. Today from one end of Japan to the other every village has its Shinto shrine, every city boasts a dozen Shinto temples.

Shinto has been gaining—but Buddhism, its old rival, seems still to lead the way in popularity. And perhaps one reason is because Buddhism knows what certain Christian and Brahmin sects know too: how to make use of rites and ceremonies, of priests in brilliant robes, and temple bells and incense. All this counts with double force in a land where opportunities for being entertained are meager, and people turn to religion for its pageantry.

Buddhism recognizes this fact, and profits from it. But Shinto? For all its cannon and its trophies, it is short on ritual. You come, as a pilgrim, to a Shinto shrine. You reach the gate; you clap your hands; you pull a rope whose further end you do not see; you buy a penny's worth of oats to feed a sacred horse. The ceremony is over.

VIII

In all these places where people congregate—in temples, markets, parks and inns—the western traveler sees Japanese from morning until night. He sees them selling rice and entertaining geisha girls, haggling over the price of cotton cloth, dropping pennies in a collection box, applauding the denouement of a moving picture show. He sees Japanese at every step; but does he know what these Japanese really think of anything—of Shinto and Mikados and war and battleships and geisha girls?

To send accurate "news" of Japan to the rest of the world is a comparatively easy matter when "news" consists of current happenings. If the Prime Minister sends in his resignation, or a crowd of strikers riot, or ten Koreans are put in jail for shouting "Down with the Mikado!"—that sort of material can be handled objectively. But it is quite different when "news" attempts to report an attitude on the part of a great many people, a state of mind, a universal interest or a national passion. Then "news" becomes a highly complicated matter.

What is the reporter of this sort of news to do? He is attempting, let us say, to define the attitude of the Japanese toward America. He has certain concrete evidence on which to base his observations: a demonstration in the streets, some letters published in the press, a declaration from a business men's association, the experiences of a score of his own fellow countrymen. But he knows, this reporter, that concrete evidence of this sort touches directly only a fraction of the public which he is attempting to discuss—ten thousand of them, perhaps, at best—one-sixth of 1 percent—and he knows, too, that there is no certain reason why this fraction should be representative of the country as a whole; for it is the extremists on either side of any issue who naturally take most pains to demonstrate their feelings publicly. What Japan thinks of America is a matter of personal opinion. There is no scientific test. The reporter has no touchstone and no plebiscite; often he finds the professional interpreters disagree-

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ing; and, if he spent ten years at it, he could not talk with 1 percent of his public face to face or even behold a tenth of it from a distance of a hundred yards.

The result is often quite unhappy. If he has a conscience that is troublesome, the reporter may warn his reader to beware of generalities and point out as accurately as he can from what sources he has drawn his material. But the reader may pay no attention to the warning; or, despite it, the writer himself may leave an impression different from the one that he intends. That is the situation at its best. At its worst, the reporter simply finds exactly what he wants to find—either deliberately or subconsciously, in which case he reassures himself meantime of his desire to remain fair-minded. "The people of Japan," he reports, "regard America with hatred"—or, if you like, "regard America as their best friend among the nations." So he writes, and the people of Japan whom he has actually consulted upon that special point may consist of the elevator man in his hotel, the grocer at the corner store, two young students on a train and a retired sailor.

Phrases attached to news despatches—such phrases as "the whole country," "official circles," "the diplomatic colony" and "high administrative quarters"—may be quite deceptive. Sometimes they are forced upon the writer by public men he cannot quote; sometimes they simply regularize his own personal opinions. It would be an interesting breakfast table if, for one morning, every speculative news despatch could be tagged with the real source from which it came.

IX

Over the stern of a vessel eastward bound, Japan fades into a thin black waterline with only Fuji marking it from sky. There are still fishing schooners dancing in a breeze too strong for them. But Fuji, on behalf of Asia, waves goodbye.

The last of Asia disappears—and every voyager starts home with trophies of his own choosing. There are some who wait impatiently for the day when, home again, they can join the chorus of those who have been in the East and felt what they will henceforth call its Lure; that may be all they are taking back with them. There are some who have chests below deck filled with silks and jades, unauthentic Buddhas in whose authenticity they firmly trust, memories of uncomfortable nights spent in hot hotels that did not measure up to western standards. There are some who bring back the conviction that Asia ought to be suppressed. And others who have only found it curious: a great rambling land where people are deliberately pagan and no one wants to hurry.

Asia is a wide market. There is a good deal from which to pick and choose. What stands out as the sharpest single picture? Snow on the Himalayas, a forest in Malay; sunshine on the Mount of Olives, a fisherman trolling the still waters of the Inland Sea; the burning-*ghats* along the Ganges, a *dak*-bungalow in the Punjab, sand swirling in the hot Arabian wind. . . . Who can say? . . . Asia has a thousand vivid pictures on its shelves. And with its pictures go more human wares: patience—a great deal of patience—bravery, superstition and unholy fear. You pick out what you like. But if you are not just a connoisseur, take home a little of each one. Bring a yard or two of human nature as nearly whole as you can get it. Its texture will be different; you have been told that many times—until you are prepared to believe human nature in the East is altogether unlike human nature in the West. Its texture will be different—but the pattern, for all that, may not match badly with the one you left at home. East is East and West is West; the twain shall never meet—and yet met long ago.

The page ends here. For Asia vanishes. Fuji itself is gone, in the last half hour—lost far off on the horizon, in a haze that may be a cloud.

JAMES COGSWELL.

Dude Ranch

MORNING

OUT in the horse-lot and the cowboys' bunkhouse that lie in front of the place where we lodge, there is a clatter of laughter and cries; Ray, the foreman, is riding about showing some of his sorrel's tricks, and Pete, the manager, is on all fours with a saddle on his back, bucking and plunging about as he tries to throw his rider, who is the thirteen-year-old daughter of a ranchman guest. Presently Vicente will have all the horses saddled, thirty of them, and everyone who wishes will ride away for the rest of the morning, galloping out over the cattle trails and down the hills, looking up stray horses and calves, riding two hours and coming back to eat a monstrous lunch.

The ranch house proper is three hundred feet away, hidden in trees. It is the second owner now who lives there. The first came forty years ago, found the many springs among these hills, planted live-oaks, willows and locusts, built the corrals, with their heavy twisted cedar posts that run like entrance courts, one leading into another, and died at last not far from eighty and was buried on a hill above the corrals. A great slab of granite marks his grave, with a shaft at the head that you can see for miles as you ride across this country where he lived so long. On the headstone are three reliefs in circles, a horse, a sheep, a cow, all the same size, and the name and two dates, 1839-1917. On the great slab at the foot, in outline, is a cross, by way of Christian concession perhaps.

This first owner was a bachelor, and when he died he left the ranch to his foreman. The night of his death, late in the night, Pete tells me, he was alone with this friend, and, at the very last, he was troubled with regrets

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at having left some other friend nothing more than ten thousand dollars. The foreman asked what he wanted to do, and the old man said he would like to give the other man half the cattle. He was not to trouble over that, the foreman said, he would do what he wished. And the next day he sent word to the other man that two hundred thousand dollars' worth of cattle belonged to him. Pete has told me this quite simply, and also how last spring this man, out of friendship for him, lent him the old wool-house, and money to convert it into guest quarters for the dude ranch that Pete had dreams of. The dude ranch consists of this wool-house, sixty feet long, with a huge chimney piece and fireplace of green stone at the end, a dining-room, open on three sides, with a fireplace in the fourth wall, a patio, around which the low adobe rooms go, like a hacienda, and a wing of shower baths plentifully fed from those blessed springs in the slopes above. And all is lifted more than five thousand feet into the dome of this bright perfect sky, against which on every side the land rises into peaks and ridges.

So that now, in summer, Pete can use his horses here, and will not lose, as he has always done, these four months out of the year when there is no hunting. At other times he has four hunting parties, each of which takes four guests out, with horses, guide, cook, chuck wagon and supplies. Pete in his time has been a cowboy, has gone with General Pershing into Mexico on some mission about which he is darkly secret, and has served in France and distinguished himself there, after, that is, they left off telling him that government stuff of theirs about how to act with a horse—at the beginning he had run off four days to get away from it, and they had thought he had deserted and gone home.

While the riding party is away and everyone else has settled into the calm morning on the long veranda or indoors, one guest is departing. She is Madame X——, a singer who has heard of the dude ranch and stopped by on her return north by way of New Orleans. She has been singing in California.

Madame X—— does not know me, but I know who she is. Her father was a famous painter whose name is still popular over the country, though he is long since dead. In New York, every spring, she takes a hall and gives a concert for the prestige of it. Most of the tickets are given away, but her manager needs the New York appearance as a part of her season among the women's clubs and college lyceums and Chautauqua courses. At twenty-five she announced that she was going to be a singer and went abroad to study. I heard her once at a war charity. She is intelligent but without the warmth to make an artist of any kind; and she has no voice to speak of, only a hard-driven mezzo without any color to it. Her father's name, plus her determination, has carried her some distance, though only in the provinces, where the claims of her father's daughter, and the sternly classical programs she gives, can be made to resound.

Anyone might think that, since her fortunes hang on such provincial favors, and by no means on that tedious resolute voice, Madame X—— would be graciousness itself to us. But quite the contrary. She is all condescension, and has borne herself here at the ranch, where she has stayed but three days, with the most exclusive disdain; even Pete she has scorned after a moment's exploration of his quaint flavors on her first day. That first evening he asked her to sing; for he loves music and sits hours every day listening to his victrola, which he bought not long ago in San Antonio—he bought it, in fact, when he learned that records could be had; up to that time he had heard these machines in town, but had no idea that you could get things yourself to play on them. But after that request he has not ventured to ask Madame X—— again. He is not used to being looked through like that, and, what's more, he cannot conceive of anything as not a social give-and-take, something among human beings that everyone shares.

From the veranda I watch the diva as she gets into the gay old Cadillac whose happy years of riding about are marked all over it. She looks at it and finally sits down on it as if she thought it ought to be boiled. Vicente, who has a Latin sense of form, is impressed, and takes her for a great *señora;* he tips his cap before mounting to his seat.

Evening

After supper everyone goes off for another gallop, and I, who have been riding alone most of the afternoon—Pete excuses me that, since I am a writer and must think up things—sit in the patio with my old aunt. She is Southern Old Style, and, from that angle, does not find the ranch so perfect as I do. The breeches on so many of the young ladies may be overlooked, they make riding safer; but the general air of our life strikes her as casual. She dresses every evening as if she were visiting, and does not permit herself to lounge about, not to say put her feet up everywhere. Tonight she has on the old silk, the maroon with dull orange stripes; and I say, dear me, she is all magnificent this evening, and she says, smiling, yes, she has on her thunder-and-lightning dress.

Before supper, she says, that Mr. Peter of mine was playing an odd sport for a grown-up man. People were on the porch of the house where the cowboys sleep, and were laughing to watch Pete in the lot there lassoing a gray hen. The hen ran about clucking and squawking and he would throw the rope and bring her down. I say that many young ladies in the moving-pictures undergo far worse torments than that in order to get the center of the picture; but this means very little to my aunt, who eschews the movies.

At nine o'clock Felipe comes in to play. He is a little Mexican boy, eleven years old, that Pete found out in the hills. His face is old for his years, thin like one of the young saints in a Mexican chapel, with great eager eyes. Someone once gave him an old violin, and he made himself a bow for it out of a willow stick and hair from a horse's tail. He plays *"La Golondrina"* for us, and two songs he has heard, and then he plays a composition of his own. It is called *"Vamos por la cine"* ("Let's Go to the Movies"), and into it, as he plays, he puts all his soul. He has never been to the movies and thinks it must be the most beautiful thing in the world.

Stark Young.

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Credulity

DR. PETERS has no women patients. His waiting-room is full of stock-market gamblers, out-door bankers and polo-playing brokers who have let fat or cocktails do something to their hearts. It is the only physician's waiting-room in the world where back numbers of the National Geographic Magazine have been replaced by billiard tables. Apparently the green cloth and the white shirt-sleeves and the cool, solid click of the balls lead a man into the right frame of mind to hear disagreeable truths about the state of his insides. The red-faced, white-teethed brokers put on their coats again and go in, and are heard laughing, and come out again with their teeth still white and their faces still red. Also, Dr. Peters is just the right person to tell you what is wrong with yourself. You believe what he says, nothing more and nothing less. Whether it is angina pectoris or only tonsils, he is equally gentle and accurate and grave. He has seen the endless procession of health, death, convalescence and death again for so long that it doesn't matter any more. Or, more precisely, tomorrow and now and what may happen to you or himself now or tomorrow doesn't matter, but hundreds of people and hundreds of years matter a great deal. Above all, facts matter: there are so few of them. A medical supposition has to live in Dr. Peters' mind a long while before he awards it the full rank of fact. When he was very young and enthusiastic he used to take in a lot of facts every week that really weren't facts, and he had to keep throwing them overboard. When he was a little older, but not much older, he tried to correct this by not taking in any facts at all. Now, at last, he has struck a balance.

It isn't in the middle-aged, defensive skepticism of men whose legs were pulled all out of shape in their youth, as much through their own eagerness to swallow the world as by the cruel world itself. It isn't a fear of being duped, or a hard-earned mistrust of his own too generous hopes, or disillusionment. It isn't a sidetrack, it's a destination, and the name of the station, the last on the line, is Wisdom. Try to excite him about some new discovery, guaranteed to seal leaky valves, prolong life or translate the wind into amperes, and he will answer, with a smile, that science knows less than 1 percent of what there is to be known, and has learned most of that within the last two hundred years, which is really quite wonderful.

Yes, now after what, for you or me, would be centuries of experience, he has struck a perfect balance between suspicion and credulity. You and I, who have been through pneumonia and measles, seen perhaps half a dozen funerals, watched a few horses dying in the street—we whose lives, compared to his, are barely hatched, shall never know what it means to be firmly and finally equidistant between suspicion and credulity. We shall always be either wanting to believe something or refusing to believe something else, and, still in the darkness of that ancient human tunnel, we shall die. But the Doctor no longer believes: he knows, or he doesn't know. He has come out of the tunnel into the other side, into the level and perpetual light.

Into the light, that is, so far as science and his own profession are concerned. Yet light is not distributed over the entire landscape. You will wander far, perhaps, before striking the patch of shadow, but it is there. Talk with him about divorce, automobiles, the League of Nations, hip-flasks, religion, farm economics, the Jews—he will continue to exhibit the same Chinese detachment and luminous calm. Now mention the Governor of New York. Dr. Peters leans forward. A fixed, hot look comes into his eye. "Smith!" he exclaims; "Smith! that demagogue, that cheap politician! Do you want to see Tammany in the White House?"

Dr. Peters has always voted the straight Republican Ticket. In another minute he will be pounding the table.

Whenever, as does occasionally happen, Joe Edgings is obscurely referred to in the newspapers as "that back-stairs fixer," "that power behind the throne," the gay old hawk is much diverted, because his chief pleasure in life is to pull wires and never let anyone see them move, to observe everyone and never be stared at, to understand everything and himself remain consistently misunderstood. It isn't a relish for mere secrecy, but the robuster appetite that a first-class poker player has for deciphering strange faces and invisible cards. In poker there is no right or wrong, there is only winning or losing. Edgings doesn't recognize right or wrong; he has done plenty of dirty work in his life-time, but the people who say that he has lined his pockets thereby are mistaken: he loves dirty work for its own sake; he loves doing things for which clumsier men get sent to jail because they are difficult things and he is extremely skillful. He has never been caught, and never will be. He has never felt the taste of another man's hook in his mouth, but there is always someone tugging at the end of his own line. He is a political fisherman because it is the best sport in the world; he stays at the throttle of a party machine mainly, solely, because he loves to make the wheels go round. Represented by his enemies as a dark, venal spider sitting in the middle of the web his party has gradually spun over the whole state, he is really not a party man at all. He has never made a speech, and does not respect them in the mouths of others. He has no platform, and no principles; every known issue, slogan, loyalty or plank awakens in him only a malicious tolerance. In private conversation—he holds nothing but private conversations—it is impossible to find in him ideas or feelings that would identify him with any party. He believes nothing, he has no prejudices, no superstitions, no favorite bunk, no blind spots, no theory of how the world, the government, the state, the city ought to be run or for whom or by whom. He has never been stirred up about Mexico, French debts, farm legislation, water-power, radicalism or the five-cent fare, but he knows the ins and outs of each problem instinctively and by heart. He wears an exasperating air of not believing what is being said to him which finally extracts the last drop of information from his interlocutor. He is never precisely for or against any particular man in his own mind, regarding them all as interesting clocks whose secret wheels are perfectly obvious to him, but happily concealed from

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others; clocks to which he usually has the key; clocks which he can wind up or allow to run down at will. He has never been seen in a hurry, in a fever, in a panic, or in a state of any but the mildest surprise—which is often feigned. The fevers of credulity and alarm that make other Americans rush into print, into controversy, into politics and on to band-wagons, find him completely immune. His reason is air-cooled. In the middle of a furious game, directing the battle of one side against the other, he remains umpire as well as captain—a cynical, incorruptible umpire, who enjoys counting the fouls, including his own, and saying nothing about them to anybody.

A man, you think, who will never be afraid of the mental dark, until you discover—what very few people know—that Edgings wears flannel underwear all the year around. Long, gray, brindled flannel underwear. Not from habit, not because he got used to it as a boy. Twelve years ago he changed with the seasons, as we all do. Then, suddenly, he couldn't say how, fear entered his heart. His fear extends to others. "Why, man, you're plumb crazy to wear that stuff!" he will say with a sudden deadly concentration in his eye; "don't you know that half the pneumonia in the world comes from wearing that thin knee-length junk?" and a convention of doctors with a hundred thousand gavels wouldn't change his mind.

ROBERT LITTELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

What Happened to Detroit

SIR: As one of the youngest of five generations of Detroiters, I feel qualified to point out that Mr. Cyril Arthur Player, in his brilliant article, has missed, or, at least, failed to make clear, one of the chief reasons why Detroit is as it is—or isn't; he has ignored the fact that we have become a city of transients, and, as such, cannot have civic coherence.

In the days before the Selden patent, Detroit was a beautiful city—of clean, wide streets, luxuriantly shaded, of spacious, dignified houses, of tolerable climate, and, above all, of no mean cultivation, as a look at concert programs of the early nineteen hundreds will prove.

With the automobile, one single type was attracted to Detroit in a sort of gold-rush; the young, hustling, industrial go-getter came in such numbers that neither he nor his family could be assimilated into that group that normally leads in a city's esthetic enrichment, at least without his active coöperation. But he wasn't interested in Detroit; he had no roots there; he was, and is, content to make his money there without intention of making it his home or of caring that it should become the kind of place he would enjoy as a home. These newcomers, holding the balance of power, have been content to see the city lose much of its charm and seemliness; trees are gone, ugliness is everywhere in a mushroom growth of cheap buildings; dirt and untidiness are the despair of an overworked board of health, politics are well meaning but impotent, and a tolerable climate has been murked with a smoke pall that rivals Pittsburgh, without Pittsburgh's excuse. Even the water supply is flavored with a colicky chlorine; in fact, anything goes that does not interfere with production.

And this, it seems, because the newcomers aren't Detroiters. How can they be, what with Europe in the spring, California or the southern golf courses in the winter, and, for shopping and theaters (rarely music!), New York, which a luxurious overnight sleeper has brought within commuting distance? It would be interesting to know the ratio of symphony orchestra contributions to income among new and among old Detroiters. Of course, the old and the new have different conceptions of what makes a place liveable, but they could find common ground if the newcomer were looking for a place to take root, if he thought of his adopted city as something more than a place where he justly pays his income tax, a place to which he has done his duty when, on the eve of departure to happier climes, he leaves a substantial check for the Y. M. C. A., the Community Fund, and a subscription to that journal that will chronicle his social peregrinations and uphold the open shop.

Meanwhile, a depressed few, whose city has been taken away from them, struggle to bring into being the vision of their forerunners, of a place of gracious leisure where beauty might be nourished, remembering that it used to be said: "Detroit is almost as beautiful as Washington." And the bewildered foreigner, wondering what it is all about, buys himself a silk shirt, a new tube for the radio, and forgets something old and precious that he brought, duty free, into this land of opportunity.

MARY MORSE.

Dublin, New Hampshire.

Marcus Garvey

SIR: There can be no useful purpose served by the continued imprisonment of Marcus Garvey, the founder of the Universal Negro Improvement Association. He was sent to prison for five years, when perhaps five months would have served the purpose as well. Even if it had been legally possible to deport him instead of imprisoning him at all, the ends of justice might have been amply met, so far as the people of the United States of America are concerned. Marcus Garvey was sent to the federal prison on the technical charge of having used the mails to defraud. Of course, all of those who knew Garvey knew that his intention was not fraud. He was that type of visionary who thought that he could rescue an impossible Black Star Steamship Line from financial ruin by appealing for small investments from the colored people of the United States. He sold, or permitted to be sold, stock in this concern when it was practically a failure, although we doubt whether his bold egotism and daring spirit of adventure really regarded the enterprise as a failure at the time.

Marcus Garvey was not more of a criminal than a half-dozen or more of those who were associated with him in the Black Star Line business project. His worst enemies, if they are honest, must admit that.

But we can say even more than that; Garvey was not at heart a criminal. He did not set out to steal or cheat, it is our belief. But, knowingly or unknowingly, he ran afoul of technical law by selling, or permitting to be sold, stock in a concern that was bankrupt. Why? Not because he expected to cheat anybody out of just so much money, but because Garvey is a visionary, a bold dreamer, who thought he could rescue a concern which more practical-minded men would have regarded as hopelessly dead. The writer has no doubt that Garvey believed, foolishly of course, that by taking in more money he would rescue the enterprise and save everything. But that is a crime; like accepting deposits in a bank when you know that the institution is already insolvent.

And although it may seem to be a charge against the intelligence of the rather brainful Garvey, still it is likely true that, as a man from the West Indies, he understood very little about the technicalities of American law on that subject. Suppose we should get an honest answer to the following question—how many supposedly intelligent Americans could answer "yes," if we asked them:

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"Did *you* know that what Garvey did was a penitentiary offense before you learned that he was being prosecuted for it?" There are many native-born Americans who could not answer in the affirmative.

Now, some of the sharks working for Garvey's organization and giving Garvey "advice," did know that it was a violation of law to sell more stock under the conditions—and those fellows are all out of jail and were never even put in.

Garvey, who helped to jail himself by being braver than the others, but less shrewd than the others, during the trial, can now be released, not only without any social hurt, but even with social justice.

WILLIAM PICKENS.

New York City.

"The Universal Prejudice"

SIR: Mr. Chester T. Crowell's article, in the New Republic of July 27, entitled "The Universal Prejudice," records a psychological observation that is penetrating in its statement of fact and that is truly universal in its prevalence. The remarkable feature is that it has not been recorded before, in spite of the wealth of material examined and recorded by investigators in the realm of the mind. Perhaps it has been discarded because of its apparent insignificance in the routine of things. In spite of its apparently minor value, it is an interesting phenomenon and is worthy of discussion.

Mr. Crowell concludes that human nature resents an individual's sleeping during the daytime since it is based on "a prejudice growing out of the instinctive, irremovable belief that all decent people ate breakfast not later than noon, regardless of circumstance." In other words, a person indulging in a morning sleep and a late breakfast was visibly confessing an evil and dissolute nature. In this conclusion Mr. Crowell has the support of psychology. The Herd Instinct conceives of its mass action as being essentially preserving and, therefore, moral. Any individual action that runs counter to the approved instinct is destructive, and, therefore, immoral. The great majority of people are asleep and awake at more or less established intervals of time, and a person who does not follow suit is looked upon askance. Hence the reproval and anger encountered by an individual who has unusual hours of sleep.

Mr. Crowell supports his thesis with a recital of incidents over a long period of time, and one must accept his conclusions as being at bottom in agreement with psychology. But I am under the impression that this conclusion but half reveals the picture. It has been my opportunity to encounter this phenomenon many times and under different guises, and I make this addition in an attempt to fathom the motives that underlie the prejudice.

Sleep, aside from its physical and physiological aspects, in its deepest sense, is a cessation of animation. During this period, the external world, with all its cares and tribulations, is shut out of consciousness and permits thereby a brief respite from the ceaseless struggle with the forces of life. From another angle, sleep may even be considered as a flight from reality, a normal physiological flight perhaps, but flight none the less. It is a lull on the firing line, a truce wherein one may retire for a moment from the obnoxious. Considered in this light, sleep falls into the category of desirable things and is, therefore, a positive pleasure. Poetry and philosophy can attest to this craving by the numerous mentions found in the various literatures.

If sleep is a pleasure, to awaken is a distinct loss, for one must gird oneself anew and continue the struggle, a reality that must be faced by all. How disturbing must it be to the average man engaged in some task or other to enter the scene where a fellow mortal is stretched in his bed asleep! It is enough to arouse the enmity and envy of anyone, and, therefore, to engender a "frenzy of resentment" sufficient to forget the simple rules of courtesy and common decency. . . .

ARTHUR M. KRAUT.

Jersey City, New Jersey.

A Correction

SIR: My attention has been called to a statement in your issue of August 17, 1927, in an article headed "The Sacco-Vanzetti Decision," in which you speak of my acting as lawyer for the defendants as something "undertaken for no reward, merely to provide these men with a fair trial and to save the State of Massachusetts from guilt." This statement is not in accordance with the facts. When, during the first week of August, I and the two gentlemen associated with me on this case, Mr. Elias Field and Mr. Richard C. Evarts, undertook to act as counsel, we stated that we did so as a matter of professional employment, and that we should expect to receive proper money compensation for our services. We have been and are in the case not upon any basis of sympathy, either personal, economic or political, with our clients or their views, but purely as lawyers retained in the ordinary course of professional practice to put before the Courts our clients' side of such legal and constitutional rights as seem to be proper for presentation.

In order that our position may be clear, I request that you will publish this in your next issue.

ARTHUR D. HILL.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Abolish the Submarine

SIR: May I venture two reflections on the so-called Disarmament Conference at Geneva?

First, the participants were not really discussing disarmament at all, but only a reduction of armaments, and a moderate reduction at that. What the world really needs is a true disarmament of all nations comparable to that imposed on the losers in the War by the peace treaties, which will reduce navies to police forces—and armies as well.

Secondly, even if this general disarmament be deemed utopian, at least the submarine should be wholly prohibited. Common sense and the War prove that if submarines are allowed to exist at all they will be used effectively, that is, to sink merchant vessels without warning. Rules of international law forbidding such use cannot be enforced. Although we went into the War to prevent such use, we virtually admitted the futility of our position by omitting all mention of sinking without warning, both from the Treaty of Versailles and from our separate treaty with Germany. On the other hand, if the naval powers will agree to abandon the submarine entirely, any violations of this agreement in peace time can easily be detected. Thus we can at least be sure that there will be no submarines in existence when a war begins.

Z. CHAFEE, JR.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Victims of Erroneous Arrest

SIR: A recent case brings to light an old problem. A laborer was arrested on a charge of assault. Unable to obtain bail, he was held in the Tombs for six weeks, awaiting trial. After reviewing all the facts of the case as his lawyer, I was convinced of his innocence. The jury promptly acquitted him and he walked out of court a free man—but without employment, without funds and having acquired an unescapable stigma. It will be no easy task for him to reinstate himself in his small circle. Is it not possible that this man, distressed and embittered, may now turn to the dishonest practices which he may well have learned while in prison, and then really become a menace to society? Would it not be good public policy for the state to give such a man a small sum of money? Of course, this is not intended for every acquitted defendant. But in the exceptional case where the trial judge is convinced that the accused has undoubtedly suffered a grave injustice, is he not entitled to some consideration?

ALLAN TAUB.

New York City.

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The Light Touch on Politics

Men of Destiny, by Walter Lippmann. With drawings by Ronald Kirby. New York: The Macmillan Company. 244 pages. $2.50.

POLITICAL criticism developed in young America more rapidly than social or esthetic criticism. In the early days of the republic, Americans were passionately devoted to politics; they felt themselves to be working an experiment fraught with the utmost importance to mankind and with intense interest to themselves. Politics was a major intellectual concern. The serious reviews imitated the British quarterlies in the elaborate consideration which they accorded to it. James Russell Lowell gave politics a place along with literature in his criticism. The inspiration of American oratory and of much American poetry of the middle nineteenth century was political. Politics was a subject of conversation common to all Americans; it furnished the great national sporting events in the years when the country was too poor and too sparsely settled to permit the development of organized sport. That this condition has changed is obvious: and, with the change, political criticism has declined. The War, it is true, brought about a revival of political writing, but much of this showed by its *ad hoc* quality how remote it was from any comprehensive tradition. Specialists in certain phases of national and international relations we have in abundance; but of critics in the political field we have very few. Mr. Walter Lippmann is one of them. He began his career with a "Primer to Politics," and followed it with "Drift and Mastery" and two books on the ground-work of politics in the organization of public opinion. Having thus dealt with the theory of politics, he gives us in the present volume a series of sketches of political leaders and policies of the day.

One of Mr. Lippmann's papers deals with "The Causes of Political Indifference," of which the first is somewhat fundamental. "There are no parties, there are no leaders, there are no issues." By this Mr. Lippmann means that there are no national parties or leaders, and the issues are honored rather in their evasion than in their confrontation. The discouragement which arises from the lack of meaning in political maneuvers is reënforced by the loss of respect for government through the corruption which was a settled habit of the Harding administration, and the dampening of popular interest in government which is a settled policy of Mr. Coolidge. The weariness with public affairs after the excitement of the War, the prosperity which has proved a strong argument for Mr. Coolidge's position of letting well enough alone, the enlargement of popular interest in business through the devices of the New Capitalism—all are contributing causes. Religious and social questions such as evolution and prohibition have supplanted political ones in public interest; and it may be added that organized sports, amusements and habits of play have left the public little time for the consideration of its proper needs. Not only in the cities, where there has always been competition of interests, but in the country has politics been crowded out by the extension of the motion picture, the radio and the Ford. Mr. Lippmann thinks the social opposition between city and country, centering about the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, is to be the irrepressible conflict of the future. At present this cleavage runs athwart the line of demarcation of the national parties, and renders it and them meaningless. Political integration may come when the two parties represent the two sections, city and country, and two ways of life. Before there is time for this change to get effected, however, it is likely that the countryside, through the diffusion of urban civilization and the adoption of industrial methods of agriculture, will have forgotten its quarrel with the metropolis.

Mr. Lippmann thus finds little that is vital in politics in America today, and is therefore free to take up such questions as interest him in a spirit of amateurism and connoisseurship. He is able to isolate these questions for purposes of discussion, to define them with precision, and pose them in the clear, hard light which magazine readers require. He is exempt from the labor of struggling with large abstract themes, such as occupied him in his discussions of public opinion, and finds scope for his acute recognition of contemporary realities in noting the relation of personalities to the public. His explanation of the nearness of Al Smith to the heart of the new public, the strata of population deposited by immigration within the last seventy-five years, deserves to be quoted. "They feel he has become the incarnation of their own hope and pride; he is the man who has gone, as they would like, but do not quite dare to go, out into the great world to lift from them the secret sense of inferiority." So also does his prophecy that "By the unspoken and unwritten law of the United States, as it stands today, he [Smith] cannot be nominated by any national party," which many of his readers will wait to see confounded. On Coolidge Mr. Lippmann is equally acute. The President's capacity for diffusing the doctrines of inaction is admirably suggested by the headline "Coolidge Wins Coal Strike: Denies He Interfered." But Coolidge with his background of the farmhouse at Plymouth, Vermont, with Colonel Coolidge administering the oath of office beside an oil lamp, is a perfect symbol of the Puritanism which Americans, having cast it aside in their daily life of luxury, are more than ever eager to assert as what they call their ideal; and what their critics call their hypocrisy. Mr. Coolidge performs a kind of atonement for his people in the cause of silence, renunciation and toil. He is at once an active Messiah and a static Buddha.

Other essays deal with the Catholicism of Al Smith, Bryan and the Dogma of Majority Rule, the ductile amalgam of Wilson and House, and the recalcitrancy of Borah. General observations of pith and moment appear at times—notably an illuminating bit of psychology in regard to the sense of equality among men which finds political expression in the dogma of "one man, one vote." Were it not for this sense of humanity as a common denominator, "the inequalities of men would be intolerable. The strong, the clever, the beautiful, the competent and the good would make life intolerable for their neighbors. They would be unbearable with their superiorities, and they would find unbearable the sense of inferiority they implanted in others."

Mr. Lippmann writes of men and things with calm self-possession and easy mastery. His detachment allows an assured freedom of treatment which is in marked contrast alike with his close implication in the intricacies of his theme in "Public Opinion," and with the rather forced simplification of "The Phantom Public." This light touch is perfectly borne out by the drawings of Mr. Ronald Kirby. Cartoonist and critic are at one in keenness of observation and blandness of mood.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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Fantasia in Mixed Times

An Experiment with Time, by J. W. Dunne. New York: The Macmillan Company. 208 pages. $2.50.

MR. J. W. DUNNE, described by the publishers as an English scientist of high standing, is a man somewhat prone to dreaming. His dreams are distinguished from those of the rest of us, however, by the fact that, on occasion, they can be a seeing of things which have not yet happened, but which do afterwards happen. The intervals between recorded dreams and events were as short as a day or as long as twenty years. This prophetic quality of his dreams troubled Mr. Dunne's heart and disturbed his mind. Could it be that he was not as other men, but given over into the hands of some occult power? That there was something "so uniquely wrong" in his relation to reality, that he was being compelled "to perceive, at rare intervals, large blocks of otherwise perfectly normal personal experience displaced from their proper position in Time?" Or might one hope that not only was there nothing wrong about such dislocations, but that they were really a discovery of the true nature of Time?

Now, satisfactory as it is to be different, it is not satisfactory to be different by being wrong. Far better be uniquely right and spread the good news. If, Mr. Dunne reflected, his own previsions were not insurgences of the occult, but inevitable consequences of the structure of Time, what should prevent everybody from being similarly favored? Why should not every man and every woman have previsions—and not in dreams alone, but during the waking day? Obviously, the thing to do was to seek an experimental answer to these questions. If these previsions were really displacements of events stretched out in Time, discovering and establishing them was a theme for experimentation within the power of anyone who takes the pains to carry them out.

So Mr. Dunne addressed himself to his "experiment with Time." To make it, he had adopted the idea that "the universe was, after all, stretched out in Time and that the lopsided view we had of it—a view with the 'future' part unaccountably missing, cut off from the growing 'past' part by a traveling 'present moment'—was due to a purely mentally imposed barrier that existed only when we were awake." Dreams, Mr. Dunne assumed, "were composed of images of past experience, and images of future experience, blended together in approximately equal proportion."

These beliefs, applied experimentally to dreams, Mr. Dunne reports as verified by the dreams. Experiments made with the waking state—consisting in the endeavor to foresee the specific contents of books he was about to read—showed that the assumption of "a mentally imposed barrier" was false. There was no barrier: "one had merely to arrest all obvious thinking of the past, and the future would become apparent in disconnected flashes. . . . By rejecting manifest associations with the last image, and waiting till something apparently *disconnected* took its place . . . attention was enabled to slip over the dividing line. . . ."

In the experiments with dreams, the method consisted in recalling the dream-images as fully as possible, and writing them down briefly, but specifically, so that the identification of the "pre-image" with the event when it arrived might be as complete as possible. For this, unusual episodes and situations were found, as might be expected, clearly more helpful than dull ones. It was important, also, to distinguish the content of the image from the interpretation of it. Not to have done so was the reason, Mr. Dunne declares, that this real character of Time had not been observed before. Habitually, we interpret present events in terms of past experience: hence an "association between the dream and the subsequent event . . . is the *wrong way round,* and no sooner does it make itself perceived than it is instantly rejected." To overcome this inveterate habit of the mind, Mr. Dunne advises pretending that "the records you are about to read are those of dreams which you are going to have during the coming night; and then to look for events in the past day which might legitimately be regarded as the causes of those dreams."

Six other people, four women and two men—one of the men hopeful of previsioning a winner or so in the Derby—tried out the method and also got pre-images of future events. Thus its inventor was reassured about his own normality, and confirmed in his belief that Time is a dimension with all its parts, present, past and future, existing simultaneously; a dimension in which the future *preëxists.*

Obviously, this belief would be important, if true. It could even be important if false, provided it got sufficient currency. Since the enormous expansion of the sciences of living matter, Time has displaced Space as the focal concept of scientific description, even in physics, which was primarily a science of space. The ruling doctrine in contemporary philosophy is conspicuously temporalist, and various domains of study besides find the idea of Time, so necessary to their development, puzzling in the extreme. Every contribution to a perception of it is most welcome. And so is Mr. Dunne's, if only one could be sure that it is a contribution to our perception. But one can't be. The dream and waking materials of his "experiment" are handled in exactly those aspects of their complex nature which are static and spatial. They are handled by ignoring precisely the felt time element in their essences. And they are so handled in terms of an idea of Time which is a denial of its essential nature as flow, as movement.

The fact seems to be that Mr. Dunne is concerned with quite other interests than perceiving Time as Time. His dealings with Time appear to be rationalizations of these interests. Less than seventy of the two hundred and seven pages of his book are given over to the exposition of his experiments with Time. The rest contain a dogmatic summary of a psychology of psycho-physical parallelism, and the demonstrations, by means of spatial diagrams, of a special type of mathematical *series.* Mr. Dunne identifies Time with a series such that if any one is given, it implies a succession of "higher," including series to infinity. So conceived, Time also requires a "serial observer" compounded to infinity. Like a certain sort of Chinese box, "every term [of the series] is contained in a similar, but larger [in this case *dimensionally* larger] term," till you reach infinity. Who observes the observer of all observers and what time enfolds the Time of all times, Mr. Dunne does not speculate. I suspect that he may really not know, if he is not emotionally alert to, the ultimate contradiction which the mathematical logicians call "the class of all classes." For it is only through ignoring this contradiction that it is possible for him to demonstrate "logically," by means of the notion of Time as a static series, the existence of the soul, its immortality, its freedom, and the existence of God. These cannot be deduced from the mathematical conception of a series, whether you call it Time or Space; they can only be read into the conception. Nor can they be deduced from the "experiments" in mixing Times; they reveal neither empirical nor logical connec-

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tion with them. As Mr. Dunne describes it, his experimental material suggests a causal context so rich and varied that it could hardly be studied without coming upon an explanation of his "previsions" much simpler and more natural than the fantasia of an event in the future which has already taken place. H. M. KALLEN.

An English Brass Hat on the Aeroplane

The Great Delusion, by "Neon." New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. 288 pages. $4.

EVER since Bishop Berkeley started the fashion, Englishmen have been writing thick books to establish the non-existence of reality. An extraordinary one appeared a few years ago in which one of these Englishmen set forth to prove that the Bible was a deliberate hoax. He denied the existence of the early Jews, and claimed that they and their language were the invention of the perpetrator, who had concocted Hebrew exclusively out of phallic symbols. The author of "The Great Delusion" calls himself "Neon." The publisher explains that "Neon is the scientific name of a gas for which is claimed a peculiar fog-piercing virtue." I advance the theory that the author of both books is the same man. At the very least, he must be the author of one early book on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

The author's identity should not have caused the speculation that it did. The book itself reveals this unmistakably. Practically half is devoted to lighter-than-air machines and navigation. Only a naval officer could have become preoccupied with so relatively unimportant a subject. The deference shown the opinion of high ranking staff officers indicates a feeble reliance on authority found only in a "brass hat" with thirty years of service.

There can be little quarrel with most of the author's facts in this first half. He shows that practically every dirigible ever built has met with a disastrous end after short service; that they have not been airworthy; that, in their navigation, many new problems are met with that do not confront the sea vessel; that their lift, i. e., capacity for carrying useful load, is limited; that they are costly.

It is difficult to defend the dirigible, not because these problems are insurmountable, but because the future of heavier-than-air flight appears so much more promising. The stupidity of the author is revealed in his implication that these problems can never be solved. It recalls to mind the incident of the distinguished American scientist, Newcomb, demonstrating mathematically that mechanical flight was impossible. This conclusive demonstration occurred coincidently with the first successful flights of the Wright brothers. The voyage of the Norge over the North Pole proved that, under certain circumstances, a dirigible can be more reliable and convenient than the stoutest sea vessel. As for the cost, I venture that the British military spends more on whiskey and polo.

The author's treatment of heavier-than-air craft is no more competent. Much is made of the indecisive part played by aeroplanes in the last war. Authority is cited that air bombing was unsuccessful; that air reconnaissance was inexact and uninformatory; that air fighting was inconclusive; that the effort expended on the air force was really being diverted from older and more certain arms. The authority quoted is often of a stamp with that which denied high explosive shells to the British Army in Belgium because shrapnel had proved so effective against the Boers.

The author forgets that the aeroplane was little more than a toy at the outbreak of the War in 1914 and that there were but four years in which to make it a useful weapon. No implement of peace or war has ever been, or can be perfected in so short a time. Gladstone laughed at a plaything on Faraday's table, but seventy years later its descendant, the dynamo, lights whole cities and does the work of a million horses. And always all efforts to develop the aeroplane have been hampered by old men in the war ministries, who were afraid of losing their jobs, much as the spinners destroyed the first spinning machine, for the same reason. In our own country, the magnificent achievements of the Wright brothers were ignored for five years, until France first bestowed recognition.

Since the War, the advance in the status of the art has been immense. Aeroplanes carry missiles which can destroy the strongest capital ships, quickly and inexpensively, as the American bombing tests showed in 1921 and 1923. That even the "brass hats" are convinced can be inferred from the willingness of England to accept a limitation on capital ships in its navy. How real the advance in engineering has been, the flights of Lindbergh and others have demonstrated. At the end of the War, a flight radius of more than five hundred miles was all but unknown, air photography for reconnaissance was in its infancy, and mass ground attack by armored aeroplanes on troop concentrations was only projected.

The French adventures in Morocco and Syria, in which large squadrons of aeroplanes failed to conquer the meager forces of the natives, are used as argument against the military value of aircraft. Actually all that these expeditions demonstrated was the inutility of the aeroplane in guerrilla warfare over a mountainous terrain. The author forgets that enormous concentrations of infantry and artillery, not to mention scores of great generals and field marshals, i. e., "brass hats," failed to produce better results.

"Neon" is in the position of the man who first yelled "get a horse" at Henry Ford.

ISKANDER HOURWICH.

A Woman of the Great Age

The Princess Des Ursins, by Maude Cruttwell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 442 pages. $3.50.

AT a moment when most biographers in France, England, and America are favoring the primrose paths of the *vie romancée,* Miss Cruttwell offers an old-fashioned scholar's biography, with footnotes to every quotation and critical deductions drawn before our eyes from the conflicting documents of the period. What the volume misses in smoothness, it makes up for in savor. It is a kind of secret history of relations between Spain and France, from the middle of the seventeenth century through the first quarter of the eighteenth. It adds one more chapter to those informal studies of the epoch of Louis XIV, among which the Letters of Madame and the Memoirs of Saint-Simon are best known to English readers. Saint-Simon himself is one of the richest witnesses on the life of the Princess des Ursins, though we perceive that he is a fair-weather commentator who blows hot or cold according to the Princess' standing at Court. Miss Cruttwell, straining for detachment, employs his testimony with a grain of salt. Perhaps her enthusiasm for the

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Princess leads her now and then to a too generous interpretation, but, in the main, she does not permit her own personality to obscure that of her subject.

Dealing with an age of intrigue and the person who was its high priestess, Miss Cruttwell understands and tolerates the code of opportunism. She reviews the maneuvers of the Princess without censure, faintly satiric toward that lady's efforts to captivate *Le Roi Soleil,* sympathetic toward her dignity in hardship and disgrace. Miss Cruttwell's way is to be straight and laconic, free from romantic overemphasis, or such dramatic effects as are obtained by a gentle juggling of events.

Still the biography of the Princess des Ursins is not wanting in drama or romance, for they were qualities inherent in her life. This Frenchwoman who became the first Princess of Rome; a model of discretion although she numbered half the college of cardinals among her lovers; whose intrigues were directly responsible for the Bourbon accession in Spain; who, for fifteen years, in her office as first lady of the Spanish palace, controlled the royal babes and, through them, the twenty-three crowns of Spain; who defied Louis XIV and kept alive the War of the Spanish Succession, performing, in those perilous days, duties that ranged all the way from governess to generalissimo; who devoted her vigorous intellect and long-lived physical charm to satisfying an imperious desire for domination, "her mind so teeming with high ambitions . . . as to exclude all lesser vices"—this woman stands before us for the first time, full-length and in the primary colors of reality. Partly she reveals herself through her own correspondence, in a manner both racy and enlightening:

> Certainly Madame de Maintenon would laugh heartily if she knew all the details of my charge. Pray tell her that it is I who have the honor to take the King of Spain's dressing-gown when he gets into bed and give it him when he rises. So far it is well, but that every evening when he goes to the Queen's bedroom the Comte de Benavente should load me with His Majesty's sword, a *pot de chambre,* and a lamp which I generally upset over my clothes, that is too grotesque. Never would the King rise if I did not go to draw the curtains and it would be a sacrilege if anyone but me entered the room when they are in bed. Recently the lamp went out because I had upset half the oil. I knew not where were the windows and thought I should break my head against the wall, and the King of Spain and I were nearly a quarter of an hour knocking against each other trying to find them.
>
> I am on the best of terms with the King (she continues). I tease him about his timidity . . . and His Majesty has grown so used to me, that he sometimes does me the honor to call me two hours before I want to rise in order to see me. The Queen takes part in these jokes, but I have not yet gained the same confidence she had in the Piedmontese ladies who served her before me. This surprises me, for I wait on her better than they and I am sure they did not wash her feet nor take off her shoes so quickly as I.

This quotation is at once representative of the spirit of the book and the age from which it springs. The *Grand Siècle* spreads out before us, not merely in the glamor of its gold-plate, but in the nakedness of an era when plumbing was unknown and hygiene dormant; when it caused no scandal that the Queen of Spain was devoured by bugs in her own galley. In many ways the scene is a distressing one, of ruse and malevolence among the nobles, and plain starvation among the masses. The most serious events involving the lives and fortunes of entire nations are induced by motives inconceivably trivial, and everywhere, but on the throne itself, intelligence plays second to sycophancy. In contrast to the darker forces is the charming figure of the small Queen of Spain, Marie-Louise-Gabrielle of Savoy, thirteen at the time of her marriage, and twenty-five at her death—a "choleric little demon" when aroused, but for the rest "serious and sincere in an age of frivolity and intrigue . . . magnificently loyal to the one person she loved and esteemed, conscientious in performing the duties of her position, courageous and uncomplaining in misfortune." From the beginning, her career was inseparable from that of the Princess des Ursins. An eye-witness who describes the arrival of these curious allies at Montpellier preserves for us, incidentally, the gallant flavor of an age where the memory of a woman's beauty could even outlast her decline:

> At the Queen's side triumphed Marie-Anne de la Trémoïlle in all the haughtiness of her rank, intelligence and pride. She had not yet renounced her right to homage and she had been so beautiful in her youth that her pretensions did not seem absurd even to those who most condemned them.

ROSE LEE.

"The Lands of the Sun"

The Lands of the Sun, by Mary Austin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 214 pages. $3.

CALIFORNIA, according to Mary Austin, has suffered a stroke of destiny. It has been overrun by "the most culturally and spiritually impotent society that has yet got itself together in any quarter of the United States." There is no specific reference to Hollywood or to the gaudy stucco of modern real estate, but one can supply the omission and ascribe it to the outraged sensibilities of one who, some thirty years ago, fell victim to the unspoiled magic of fruited valleys, ancient dusty trails, and missions slumbering in the sun.

A Spanish proverb, "The lands of the sun expand the soul," serves as a text for this book (first printed in England twelve years ago and later revised), which describes a beauty that has now partially vanished. Mrs. Austin is one of those rare persons capable of feeling the very bones of a land, of knowing its intimate structure and its temper. She is at her best when she paints the physical loveliness of California in bright drowsy phrases so laden with color and scent that they sometimes cloy. Her vision embraces the large contours of California, sweeping down from the chill Sierras to the sagebrush wastes, and finally to the blue waters of Carmel Bay; but her eye is also faithfully trained to observe the animals peculiar to the land, and the blossomy flowers and herbs which flourish in the wild or in old Spanish gardens.

Mrs. Austin is, however, much less successful when she attempts to weave into the book snatches of the history and legends of California, tales of the Spanish explorers and the brown Franciscans, or myths that date from Indian days. She has no gift for recapturing the grace of this cultural inheritance and so fashioning a richer volume

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which would attract the general reader as well as the professed nature lover.

It is a sentimentality of style and outlook which prevents "The Lands of the Sun" from being a notable addition to its genre of literature. One tires of the endless personifications of the land and of "the mothering mountains," too frequently described as virginal and aloof. In the welter of sensuous description one is lost and fails to discover any clear peak of beauty. It is, perhaps, the same sentimentality which prevents Mrs. Austin from making any mention of the California of today. One is at liberty, of course, to ignore the spirit of Hollywood and all the attendant changes in landscape and architecture which that spirit has brought—but to shrink from it in self-conscious aversion is not the mark of a wise lover of California possessed of sufficient breadth to embrace both the old and the new.

EDITH H. WALTON.

More Nightingales

Going-to-the-Stars, by Vachel Lindsay. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 102 pages. $2.

The Candle in the Cabin, by Vachel Lindsay. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 131 pages. $2.

THOSE of us who always thought "The Chinese Nightingale" Vachel Lindsay's finest poem will be happy to find more "Nightingales" in "Going-to-the-Stars." Delightful as are his high spirits, his robust humor, Lindsay has brought his chief contribution to American poetry from a purely lyric fountain, which, often noisy with splashing, has always run sweet.

> The flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
> In the days of long ago,
> Ranged where the locomotives sing
> And the prairie flowers lie low:—
> The tossing, blooming, perfumed grass
> Is swept away by the wheat,
> Wheels and wheels and wheels spin by
> In the spring that still is sweet.
> But the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
> Left us, long ago.
> They gore no more, they bellow no more,
> They trundle around the hills no more:—
> With the Blackfeet, lying low.
> With the Pawnees, lying low,
> Lying low.

If that is not sheer lyric genius, what is? The laurel bough has not withered in this American's keeping.

Another of Lindsay's titles to greatness resides in his unmatched faculty for epitomizing decades and legends. In "Going-to-the-Stars" this style is represented by an "Oration"—"Old, Old, Old, Old Andrew Jackson"—an amazing performance, in which the glory and folly of the Jacksonian Democracy are summed up as nowhere else.

This style is not represented in "The Candle in the Cabin"—more's the pity! In fact, the latest volume is harder to bring into focus with Lindsay's previous work. Passing over its illustrations, which are harmless and here and there mildly interesting, its subjects, for reasons clearly personal, are Glacier Park—the Cabin—and romantic love —the Candle. But the Candle flickers—the mountain masses are too much for it. The most successful of the poems is a pæan to "Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf, the brave beast," who turns out to be a mountain: there are many mountain poems in this volume. Yet Lindsay has always been most effective in his dealings with man and the political works of man. Those to whom the upended works of God are more inspiring may discover profundities in these nature studies not apparent to this reviewer—there are those who find mountains more sublime than cathedrals, and the talk of birds, flowers, and butterflies more interesting than humanity's orations and war-cries. I hope they will not encourage Lindsay seriously to put on the war-paint of primitivism as a Blackfoot Thoreau.

Nor is the merely amatory worthy of his noble chanting. There are plenty of sonneteers to keep the exquisite string in vibration. Love poems, like the actual *ars amatoria,* demand a high degree of technical finish. Sincerity, indispensable in some departments, is worth little or nothing in this one. But finish has never been Lindsay's strongest point. The world has gladly forgiven the occasional hiatus or airpocket that has bumped a poem winged with power. This is not to say that Lindsay's fancy is not finely delicate at the core. But in surging power is his great strength. Many of these new poems are bits of tracery, undynamic, and not even worked up into effective prettiness. Lindsay is no cameo-carver; yet more than half the poems are ten lines or less in length.

This volume, in short, looks like an interlude. There have been breaks with the past—a new country; new friends, mountains, Indians; wife and child. Lindsay is full of ideas. His speaking voice never had more compelling magic in it. For the moment, he happens to be unconcerned with the actors who stamp or sneak across the American scene: he is preoccupied with a bit of the scenic background and with certain personal adventures there.

He will return to the footlights and the spotlight, down stage and center—way down. While "gipsy fiddles cry," he will provide orchestral comments on American arias of iniquity and triumph, restoring the Cromwell stanza to its place in the Litany of the Heroes: "God send the Regicide!" He will never find peace in the mountains, nor in any mountains this side the moon's.

HAZELTON SPENCER.

A Golden Scrap-Book

Congaree Sketches, by E. C. L. Adams, with an introduction by Paul Green. Chapel Hill, North Carolina: University of North Carolina Press. 116 pages. $2.

IN the past generation, the finest Negro stories came from the Georgians: Joel Chandler Harris with his immortal Uncle Remus, and Harry Stillwell Edwards with his Æneas Africanus, in particular. Now the distinction belongs to South Carolina, which has recently given to American literature two outstanding novels in DuBose Heyward's "Porgy" and in Julia Peterkin's moving saga of the heroic "Black April." A third South Carolinian, Dr. E. C. L. Adams, has just published an interesting volume called "Congaree Sketches," a collection of folk tales, replete with the poetic imaginings, the weird superstitions, the pathos, and the high and low comedy of a fast-vanishing race living close to the soil on the edges of the Congaree River swamps. Dr. Adams has made a genuine contribution to the sum of Negro folk-lore, and he has handled his dialect admirably, retaining all the native flavor and remaining intelligible. He reveals a frank and sympathetic understanding of Negro psychology. But one longs for the art of Mrs. Peterkin or Mr. Hey-

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ward in the use of the rich material. Their sense of composition, of selection, of emphasis, Dr. Adams seems to lack. He does not arrange his subject matter with any idea of the value of high-light. His method for the most part is that of the court reporter. He takes down what he hears, and does not revise. He loses excellent opportunities for characterization; for example, in the pregnant story of the bad boy Charleston. The sketches abound in anti-climax. Yet they contain so much rare stuff that the book is very much worth looking over, just as one looks through a scrap-book. That is what Dr. Adams has produced: a scrap-book of golden anecdotes. And one of the tales, the one about the Hopkins nigger, is as much a masterpiece of its kind as the famous *fabliau* of "The Churl Who Won Paradise." The Hopkins nigger gained Heaven; and with the "pearly whings" the Lord fastened on him "he riz up an' he fly an' he flewed an' there never been sech flyin' since heben been heben, an' de Lord look on an' was 'stonish at de way dat nigger flew." But the poor overjoyed nigger flew at such a speed that he could not stop, and he crashed into the tournament gate posts and wrecked himself. As Peter wheel-barrowed him to the grand trash pile, he muttered after the Lord, "Jest like a nigger! Percisely like a nigger!"

Dr. Adams' book is written precisely from the Negro's viewpoint of himself; and it will be read with as much profit and entertainment by those who do not know the real Negro of the South as by those who know him intimately.

HUDSON STRODE.

The House of Lost Identity, by Donald Corley. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

MR. CABELL continues to endow with introductory eulogies our burgeoning School of Quaintness. The product here sponsored — "The House of Lost Identity"—is a series of efforts in the fantastic, many of which achieve charm. Occasionally the author relaxes into imaginative ease, and lends a personal interest to his decorative subjects. But the general impression left by the book is Mr. Corley's obvious desire to take infinite pains in the precious pursuit of the Cabellistic.

D. B. W.

Contributors

"POLITICAL ECONOMIST" is the pseudonym of an authority in this field who has had exceptional opportunity to observe the workings of the federal taxation system. He is the author of "Big Incomes and Small Taxes," in the New Republic of May 25, 1927.

WALLACE THURMAN is a young Negro writer, and editor of Fire, a quarterly devoted to Negro art and artists.

DEVERE ALLEN is literary editor of The World Tomorrow.

H. M. KALLEN, of the New School for Social Research, is the author of "William James and Henri Bergson," "Zionism and World Politics," and other books.

EDITH H. WALTON, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, is engaged in magazine work.

ROSE LEE is a journalist, until recently living in Paris.

ISKANDER HOURWICH, author of "Air Service Engine Handbook," was formerly professor of Industrial Research at Antioch College.

HAZELTON SPENCER is associate professor of English at the State College of Washington.

HUDSON STRODE, author of many short stories, is professor of Dramatic Literature in the University of Alabama.

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